

## THE Canadian FORUM

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## Current Comment

## E. M. Forster in Brampton

Giorgio Cappellozzo has probably never heard of E. M. Forster, but he has more in common with Forster than he knows. Giorgio, who is Italian, appeared in a special Brampton, Ontario, court last month (it was the day before Armistice Day if you're looking for symbols) with an application for Canadian citizenship in his hand. The presiding judge, Archibald Cochrane, who may not be especially familiar with Forster's books either, put Mr. Cappellozzo to the ultimate test, at least by Brampton standards: "Would you bear arms for Canada in the event of a war against Italy?"

Mr. Cappellozzo, it turned out, has a mother, a father, a sister and two brothers still living in his home country, and the idea, however remote in this Atomic Age, of engaging in a little gunplay with his family didn't immediately appeal to him.

"I would not like to fight my blood," his reported answer runs. "I cannot turn and destroy my love." These completely human words were not of course up to the proper standards of Canadian patriotism, and Giorgio, an unworthy candidate, was sent back to the Port Credit repair shop where he works to think things over.

This brings us to Mr. Forster whose opinions on matters of personal relations bear an encouraging similarity to Giorgio's. "If I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend," he wrote in 1939 (in "Two Cheers For Democracy"), "I hope I should have the guts to betray my country." This may not be as elegantly phrased as most of his thoughts, but the principle is clear. Unfortunately Forster couldn't hold out much hope of an understanding reception for his ideas among his fellow citizens. "Such a choice," he said, "may scandalize the modern reader, and he may stretch out his patriotic hand to the telephone at once and ring up the police." Still, it's some small comfort, though probably not to Mr. Cappellozzo, to know that Mr. E. M. Forster of Cambridge, England, would not get very far in Judge Cochrane's citizenship court either.

Official Ottawa circles, as usual, had no comment on the Cappellozzo affair, but all sorts of unofficial voices were heard from. The clergy, with the notable exception of Rabbi Feinberg, went along with Judge Cochrane. "If you make exceptions for one nationality, you would create a precedent," said Rev. J. R. Mutchmor, for whom a lack of nationalistic fervor is only a worse evil than an affection for booze, "and possibly you would have to make similar exceptions for persons of other nationalities who have come to Canada." One *Globe and Mail* letter-writer assured Giorgio that he had nothing to worry about. This gentleman was in a similar spot during the First World War, and he advises that there is a cozy little regulation, cooked up by Sir Robert Borden, restricting people like Giorgio and himself to "non-combatant service."

But the final word is apparently to come from Cappellozzo senior. Giorgio has promised to write home and request his father's advice on the burning issue. The Italian relatives may think it strange that Giorgio must, in effect, promise to mow down his old family "should the occasion arise," as the Cochrane qualification runs, before he is admitted to Canadian citizenship. But probably they are beginning to think the New World a pretty curious place anyway.

JACK BATTEN.

## The Lie of the Land

The trouble with the Great Quiz Scandal is that it took the wrong turn from the start. Few of the people who used Charles Van Doren's behaviour to castigate the morals of a nation or its institutions seemed to know the difference between lying to a Grand Jury and giving a pre-arranged answer on a Quiz Program. After all, they're both shows. It was assumed as a matter of course that Columbia University had fired Van Doren for the first fraud rather than the second. The moral and aesthetic issues have been so confused as hardly to be separable now.

But one or two obvious points are still worth making. The very range of the TV medium helped to create the situation. With so many kinds of programs, it becomes increasingly hard to decide what the principles of some of them really are. At the one extreme we have actors, singers and comedians performing in programs that are written, rehearsed and cued in detail, even when they aim at a spontaneous tone. At the other extreme we have such things as documentaries, football and hockey games, travelogues and on-the-street interviews. In a documentary on South Africa by Ed Murrow we assume (and I suppose have a right to assume) that the people and places are not actors and sets, and that words aren't put into a politician's mouth just in order to make a more pleasant show. But when Jack Benny has Harry Truman as a TV guest, we have no right to assume anything of the sort.

Most people know what to expect at the extremes. TV programs, however, aren't content with extremes. Quizzes, panels, domestic interviews and real-life dramas are neither fish nor flesh; they belong half-way between pure plays and

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pure documentaries. But if the audience can't be sure whether the show is art or nature, or how much of each, neither can some of the performers. I don't mean the professionals, who presumably are aware of the tight-rope they have to walk between the contrived and the spontaneous, but the amateurs, who are pulled in from the sidelines, who are likely to imagine that the aesthetic conflict between fact and fiction is really a moral one, and who, in the end, by perjuring themselves before a very different audience, may turn the conflict into a moral one in spite of everything.

It would be nice if we could conveniently blame the confusions of Charles Van Doren on that lamented scape-goat, Senator McCarthy. He once managed to make a Senate hearing the TV Quiz Show of the year. It's only natural that the American public should now be shocked to discover that somehow CBS isn't a fact-finding committee, and its Quiz Shows aren't really public hearings after all.

MILTON WILSON.

## Oxygen Promised

Conservatives in British Columbia, knocked flat out of the Legislature by Premier Bennett's rampaging Social Crediters, are struggling to come to and sit up once more. This was amply demonstrated at the party association's annual meeting in October at the Harrison Hot Springs resort hotel. If the much-touted spa isn't actually responsible for the revivification, at least it was there that some fresh whiffs of oxygen were applied to the provincial body by federal physicians.

Premier Bennett can scarcely take all the credit for what has happened to the provincial Conservatives since the war. The do-nothing-because-it's-safer attitude of the government coalition with the Liberals did much to injure the party with the voters and family quarrels wrecked whatever party machinery survived the ossification of coalition days.

Deane Finlayson's fight with the federal leader of the time, George Drew, was not the first of its kind in British Columbia. But it was the first that came under such circumstances and with such drumbeats of publicity. Here were two down-and-outers struggling for the same crumbs to nourish weakened political machines, the provincial on the one hand, and the federal on the other.

Apparently Mr. Finlayson always thought highly of a certain Saskatchewan lawyer as a national figure and, indeed, with Mr. Drew's departure from the federal leadership, the federal-provincial rift was publicly declared closed. Whether it was really closed remained open to some doubt, particularly when attempts were made at various times to depose Mr. Finlayson from his somewhat unrewarding—and unsuccessful—party leadership. He beat back his last challenger, Dr. Desmond Kidd, a genial and well-respected Vancouver engineer, as late as a year ago. Those well-informed sources, who know everything when nobody of note will say it, promptly declared that it had been unregenerate federal agents (possibly even hangovers from Mr. Drew) that had been responsible for the attempts to dump Mr. Finlayson overboard. But Mr. Finlayson's failure to win even his own seat in the legislature certainly cast doubts on his suitability. Neither did it help his case very much when the B.C. Liberal leader, Arthur Laing, was replaced after failing to win himself a seat.

Be all that as it may, the national triumphs of John George Diefenbaker did much to hearten the Conservatives in B.C., especially after Social Credit's six members of Parliament were all defeated, the CCF delegation to Ottawa cut from seven to four and even Liberal Jimmy Sinclair given the back of the voters' hands. British Columbia Conservatives

now boast eighteen members of Parliament out of a possible twenty-two.

Mr. Finlayson also did much to help burst the scandal of the Robert Sommers forest bribery case about the Socred government's head. It was he who suggested that all was not well in the then-forest minister's office and succeeded in beating back a private suit for libel laid by the unfortunate Mr. Sommers, who is now a guest of Her Majesty for some five years at Oakalla prison farm.

Premier Bennett's government seemed not overly embarrassed by the conviction and jailing of its former cabinet minister (he resigned before trial) but the provincial Conservatives had a man to whom they could point as a Sir Galahad of their own. A former Nanaimo insurance agent, Deane Finlayson is young, sincere, impressively big and friendly, and exudes confidence even if he does too often refer to what Mr. Bennett will be doing as premier after the next provincial election. Now, however, he seems to have another asset—Mr. Diefenbaker remembers his supporter of old.

After some time of penury, the provincial group was able to hire, last year, a capable young organiser from Britain, Robert Alexander, who is formally known as executive assistant to the leader. In the past year an amazing amount of work has been done quietly and without notice. There are active organizations in each of the 42 provincial constituencies (some of them multi-member) and Mr. Finlayson promises a full slate of 52 candidates for the next provincial election, which is expected next year in late spring or early summer. Nearly a quarter are nominated now and candidate conventions planned to have everybody before the public before February. All of which may be normal procedure for a healthy political party, but healthy is hardly an adjective that could have been applied to the Conservatives several years ago. Mr. Finlayson agreed that the annual meeting in October was the largest held in B.C. in a quarter-century, or since the days of R.B. Bennett.

There was some evidence during the 1958 federal general election that former "Provincial Conservatives" were working for federal candidates, but Mr. Diefenbaker's victory in B.C. remained largely a personal one, with some help from the resuscitated federal organizations. During the past year or so, "complete unity" has been proclaimed between federal and provincial Conservatives in B.C., but not until this annual meeting was there so much evidence that this might be so. Mr. Finlayson announced that the federal Tories had promised "money—and everything" to help them overthrow Mr. Bennett, who has not been on the best of terms with Ottawa.

"Money—and everything" is a rather wide phrase but the provincial leader insisted it meant just that—campaign funds, speakers, propaganda ("education, please") and even organizing help. Mr. Diefenbaker naturally could not be expected to help personally, Mr. Finlayson said, because the prime minister represented everybody and really had to refrain from politics; but he was seeing to it that everything else would be done.

Federal party intervention on the scale that Mr. Finlayson speaks of is rather unusual in the postwar political scene and there are skeptics who remain to be convinced. But he has given them other signs of a fresh approach. Formerly he hammered increasingly at what he calls the "rank corruption and moral bankruptcy" of Bennett & Co. Now, and as of the October meeting, the strategy has changed.

"The main election issue," Mr. Finlayson said, "must be the way that the Social Credit government is trying to defraud the people of B.C. by pushing the Peace ahead of the federal Columbia project."

Never did provincial leader sing the federal party tune so well. For years Canada has sought in negotiation with the United States a mutually profitable agreement for harnessing the water-power potential of the international Columbia River. Some time ago, Premier Bennett announced his disgust with these tortuous proceedings and brought Mr. Axel-Wenner-Gren onstage with his Develop-the-Peace-River program, a series of proposals already examined in *The Canadian Forum*. This big river is, however, a long way away from British Columbia's chief hydroelectricity markets and its development is being promoted by a consortium of privately-capitalized companies. Controversy in Vancouver and Victoria is never-ending about the comparative economic advantage of developing the two rivers. The Columbia is a lot closer than the Peace and the federal government privately has been plumping heavily for its primacy in B.C. power plans, if the international talks are ever settled. There are signs that agreement on sharing of downstream benefits, the keystone to Columbia power costs, will be reached shortly.

Stuart Fleming, Tory M.P. for Okanagan-Revelstoke, gave the delegates the Federal Government's view of the Columbia. It was surprising, after all the wrangling of years past, just how closely Mr. Finlayson's views were to those of the federal Tories. Everybody at the meeting agreed that the Columbia must come first and be developed either by public power interests, or by a combination of public and private groups such as the public B.C. Hydro-electric Power Commission and the giant B.C. Electric.

Surprising life was also shown at the discussion of resolutions, often very perfunctory at Conservative meetings. When some of those well-steeped in Tory convention practice tried to have ticklish resolutions "REFERRED" there were frequent and successful demands for the meeting to make its own decision. Even resolutions seeking re-examination of university education financing won approval "in principle" if not detail. Highways, labour legislation, schools, power rates, hospitals and municipal financing all were promised much better attention should a Conservative government be elected in B.C. Even the well-organized provincial civil servants would be given bargaining rights, a divergence from federal Conservative policy that nobody remarked upon.

Privately few Conservatives would suggest that the next B.C. government would be a Conservative one. At the most they hope to take possibly six of the 52 seats, one of which may even be for Mr. Finlayson in Coast-Capilano (just north of Vancouver), where Jimmy Sinclair lost his federal seat and where one of the two Social Credit members of the legislature defected to the Liberals.

A few years ago when the federal Conservatives were hunting scraps at by-elections, the provincial people were content to forage on their own, lean though the pickings might be. Today, says Deane Finlayson, "British Columbia needs a Conservative government, one that will co-operate with Ottawa."

EDWIN R. BLACK.

## Alice in Moneyland

Everyone loves a fight, and Canadians are presently being treated to a real brawl, heavyweight division. In one corner, flexing their impressive throat muscles, are Messrs. Diefenbaker and Fleming; huddled in the other, emitting various noises of muffled rage and frustration, are the chartered banks. But when we reflect that a good fight is a fight between equals, where both contestants have a fair chance to win, the spectacle quickly palls and our amusement turns to disgust.

The banking brawl is a play on the words "cause" and "blame" that must delight professional philosophers, who have, after all, warned us to be wary of these concepts. What, or who, has "caused" tight money? It is agreed that the Bank of Canada alone has the power to determine the supply of money in the country. There is, however, no verbal agreement as yet on how independent of the Government the Bank is, or ought to be, in its exercise of this very considerable power. But would any responsible Canadian citizen acquiesce in the Government's surrendering, unconditionally and irrevocably, its control over the nation's financial affairs and giving that control to a group of civil servants? If the Bank is to be responsible for Canadian financial policy, then it is high time that we started voting for Governors of the Bank as well as for Prime Ministers. The issue of control and responsibility is pure sham as long as we elect the one and appoint the other. And so, to return to our economics, it is clear that the Government, or the Bank with the Government's blessing, determines the supply of money.

The demand for money, specifically that portion of the demand that directly affects interest rates (perhaps the best barometer of the "tightness" of money), comes from those who want to borrow money—and largely from those who want to sell newly-issued bonds. The bond sellers are private corporations, provincial and municipal governments and the Government of Canada.

There you have it; the familiar story of demand and supply. Interest rates will go up if supply is reduced (demand remaining constant) or demand increased (supply remaining constant). Mr. Diefenbaker is busy stating that since he (sorry! the Bank) is keeping supply constant he can't be blamed for rising interest rates. After all, if a school board doesn't expand school facilities when the school population is increasing, it is clearly not the trustees' fault that overcrowding develops. Indeed they deplore the overcrowding as much as anyone else. But what, after all, can they do about the birth rate?

This ploy to evade responsibility is transparent but Mr. Diefenbaker doesn't hesitate to use it. His pose of neutrality in the country's financial affairs, however, becomes not only transparent but hypocritical when we reflect that the Government wields a big stick on both sides of the money market—on the demand for money as well as on its supply. It is a matter of record that by far the largest increase in the demand for money in Canada over the past year or so has come from the sale of Government bonds. Mr. Dief has been valiantly preventing any increase in the supply of money while Mr. Baker has been working overtime to increase the demand for it. And Mr. Diefenbaker then

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blames the banks for the inevitable result—higher interest rates!

It is indeed an Alice-in-Wonderland world. Here we have Mr. Diefenbaker trying to disown his tight money policy, a policy which most informed people agree is the right policy at the moment. And there we have the banks, being publicly scoured for a situation that is neither of their making nor to their liking; we *must* feel sorry for them, and yet what a strain it is on the emotions to feel sorry for those powerful institutions—especially at a time when they are making record profits!

J. H. DALES.

## A Microscopic Garland

We regret to report that with this December issue Stewart Cowan is giving up his work on the *Forum*. For twenty years, with little public acknowledgement on our part, he has given the magazine hours of voluntary service each month. His skills, a result of a lifetime of experience in all aspects of printing, have been constantly at our disposal. Design and make-up have been primarily his responsibility and his trained eye for the proofreading error has saved us more than once from embarrassment. It is impossible to repay his devotion but we wish here and now to acknowledge our indebtedness.

Mr. Cowan is retiring. He and Mrs. Cowan whose patience and gift of work to the *Forum* is even less well known, hope to relax a bit and do some travelling. Our thanks and best wishes to both of them.

THE EDITORS.

## Canadian Calendar

• Canada's annual death-rate has dropped 33% since 1900. Nearly half the present-day deaths are the result of accidents.

• Foreign investments in Canada rose 9% in 1958: U.S. capital investments in Canada totalled fourteen billion, six hundred million dollars, the United Kingdom had three billion, one hundred million dollars in Canadian holdings, and other overseas countries had one billion, four hundred million dollars invested in Canada.

• Canadians last year owned nearly five billion dollars in long-term investments in other countries: of this amount, a little over two billion dollars was invested in the U.S., and nearly one-and-a-half billion in Britain.

• Luis A. Baralt, now Cuban consul-general in New York, has been named Cuban ambassador to Canada and will take up his post in a month or two.

• From July 1952 to July 1959 the price index has risen 9.8 points. For the first half of that period the rise was less than one point; for the second half, it has been over nine points. In the three months from July to October 1959, it has increased two points.

• The Canadian Embassy in Cairo is acting as go-between in efforts to re-establish diplomatic relations between Britain and the United Arab Republic.

• Only 48% of the cost of all highways and roads comes from taxes on automobile users.

• Total immigration during the first nine months of 1959 was nearly 15% lower than that for the same period of 1958. Immigration from the British Isles decreased by 29%, from Germany, 26%; immigration from Italy remained nearly constant, and from the U.S.A. it increased 6%.

• Poland has agreed to buy from Canada, under a Government-guaranteed three-year credit deal, \$17,000,000 worth of wheat and barley. Poland will make a 10% down-payment in cash and pay the rest in three equal payments.

• Ontario's Transport Minister Yaremko and Attorney-General Roberts have criticized General Motors, Ford and Chrysler for 1960 models which exceed the 80-inch width limit.

• The median salary for teaching staff at the universities of McGill, Alberta, Toronto and British Columbia is \$8,035 for the 1959-60 scholastic year. Previous medians have been \$7,564 in 1958-59; \$6,907 in 1957-58; \$6,206 in 1956-57.

• Ottawa has stopped the release to dealers of a special type of war-surplus rifle — a .22-calibre rifle with a 14-inch barrel — which police consider dangerous in the hands of criminals. When the order to stop was given, 3,500 of the 20,000 surplus had already reached the market.

• The first centre in Canada for research into causes of mental deficiency will be the Beck Memorial Sanitarium in London, Ontario. The centre will be primarily concerned with medical research, but work will also be done in social, psychiatric and psychological fields. The program will include out-patient work, short-term in-patient training (which can later be carried on at home by parents), counselling for parents, and diagnostic and screening programs assessing the degree of retardation.

• The penal reform institution near Peterborough, Ont. has three selected and trained prisoners translating into braille textbooks to be used in schools for the blind in Ontario, Nova Scotia and British Columbia. This idea in prison reform was borrowed from Denmark.

• Ten miniatures of the Federal Government are to be set up across Canada to assume the central government's duties in the event that nuclear attack should isolate the province from the capital.

• A dozen Federal departments are making plans for the Federal Gov't. to function in emergency on such matters as movement of food, protection of food and livestock, regulation of all aspects of finance, transportation, communication, employment of manpower, production, distribution, pricing and stockpiling of food, medical and other supplies.

• The typical Canadian home uses more than 3700 kilowatt hours of electricity each year; this is 20% more than the average U.S. household.

• About \$150,000,000 has been spent — unsuccessfully — in the Columbia River Basin alone to find a way of moving downbound salmon fingerlings over and down high-level dams; in spite of the ingenious construction of nets, screens, skimmers, gulpers and collection troughs to attract and divert the fingerlings around the dams, most make the fatal plunge.

• The number of domestic servants accepted into Canada from the West Indies in 1959 is 250; at the beginning of the program five years ago it was 50.

• In the autumn of 1960 a scholarship and fellowship plan for the exchange of students within the Commonwealth is expected to go into operation; Canada has offered to accommodate 250 students at any one time.

• The Canadian Government has sold 12,000,000 pounds of surplus butter, for which it paid 64c a pound, at 56c a pound to Canadian exporters who are in turn selling it to

Britain, where there is a shortage created by Europe's summer drought.

- The Federal and Ontario governments have agreed to share the costs of investigating the feasibility and cost of developing a harbour at Moosonee on James Bay. It has been estimated that navigation would be possible about five months in the year.
- The third session of the 24th Parliament will open on Jan. 14.

## Freedom and Fish-Wrapping

*Edwin R. Black*

► DEMOCRACY, OR, IF YOU WILL, the fickle mob, turns yet again a cold heart against a once-honored champion now falling upon evil days.

As with the casting-off of a mistress past her prime, so now with modern liberalism and that most insistent ally of the lean and hard years, the free press. While hardly the mother of modern democracy, the press has at least been its cradle and provider of succ during the most formative years. Decade after decade into the centuries the newspapers of the day fought the political battles, from left, right, and from centre, but most of all from the left. The liberals and democrats gained the greatest nurture; they joined in the clamor and recognized the need for freedom to challenge the existing order.

The press of the people no longer fights. It whimpers. And its ever-failing whimpers for "freedom" are laughed at by its one-time friends on the left. They cry turncoat, without seeing that their own indifference in the surfeit of success is to blame. Today the press does not fight the greatest danger to its freedom because it cannot—the viper is in its very bosom where it cannot be seen.

Within the daily newspaper industry a revolution is brewing. The yeast is a bitter compound of financial strain and technical advance. The first important technological development, since invention of the rotary press and the linotype late in the nineteenth century, will result, this writer suggests, not in more efficient newspaper production or refinement of the existing pattern. Rather it will mean the early disappearance of the large urban daily newspaper as we know it.

Many other inventions have sounded the death knell of the press, and it is still with us. Most notably the challenge has come from radio, talking movies, and television. Despite the odd "pas de gauche" from newspapers such as those refusing to print television program listings, the challenge has been met and turned aside successfully.

The newspapers offered the only method of accurate comparison reading (as, for instance, between two politicians' statements, or two grocery stores' prices), as well as the advantage of rereading at will for greater clarity. On this argument was staked the commercial future of the press, a course that seems to have been vindicated by the profit and loss statements.

Some newspapers are making money. But fewer are in this category and make far less money than the attackers of the press would have us believe. It's a poor capitalist who has a few millions to spare for investment if he can't find considerably higher rates of investment return in businesses other than publishing.

Mr. Roy Thomson and others like him might seem living rebuttal of this. They are the inevitable exceptions, not the

rule. Mr. Thomson's recent acquisitions in the United Kingdom give evidence not of his rash hurling of personal capital into a precarious publishing world, but rather, of his uncanny ability to borrow large amounts of other people's money for his purposes. For every newspaper bought by chain interests, we should also see the reverse side of the coin—some fellow is taking his money OUT of the publishing business. It doesn't always mean he has been a failure either. Often he simply sees greener investment fields afar.

Mr. Thomson was the pioneer in Canada of a development that was expected to bring gales of protests about local newspaper integrity and the like, but the only protests that came arose from workers who saw themselves being put out of work — newspaper sub-editors and linotype operators. Development of the teletypesetter enables an operator in Thomson Dailies' Toronto office to punch a ticker-like tape that enables exactly the same words to be set in metal type through robot linotype machines in a dozen and more cities at once: cities such as Timmins, Galt, Chatham, and Sarnia, Ontario.

And where is the harm in that? It has been a virtue of good newspapers such as the *Globe and Mail* that they can weigh and strike a balance in the news they receive by telegraph, a balance that is particularly apt for the audience that each paper serves. The same news means different things to different people, and a good newspaper tries to present the news in a manner that will make these different things most intelligible for the reader.

In theory Mr. Thomson's teletypesetter device (which has since been adopted by a great many newspapers using the Canadian Press TTS news circuit) does permit the striking of this important balance. One drawback is immediately apparent and, although recognized as such, nothing is done about it. A news story from Ottawa concerning Canada's gold reserves and pricing policies is obviously of far more importance to the *Timmins Daily Press* than it is to the *Guelph Mercury*. What is detail enough for Timmins is far too much for Guelph, and conversely.

In theory the TTS system also permits the inclusion of that vital background material that good newspapers try to insert in foreign stories to give them meaning for the local readers. In practice, this costs more money; good newsmen work for newspapers other than Mr. Thomson's if they can, and all in all, the odds are against the reader in Chatham getting any different assortment of telegraphic kibble than the reader in Timmins.

This is the sort of move that has been widely hailed as progress in Canada's newspaper world. But it is doubtful whether such moves promote much intellectual inquiry on the part of the traditionally-freedom-demanding journalist. The newspapermen of today are no longer the hungry rabble of former years. They need not starve, and they may not need to think either. These may be harsh words, but the whole problem deserves further independent inquiry.

The phrase "freedom of the press" gets rather badly bruised in the bandying-about of centuries. Freedom of the press meant, for men like Joseph Howe and Fleury Mepis, the guarantee that they could express their political opinions freely and without hazard. Too often today freedom of the press means little more than the insistence of *The Toronto Star* or *The Vancouver Sun* on their claimed rights to abuse the spirit of justice in criminal cases in hopes of gaining readers and increasing profits. Neither of these aims seems to be a political virtue worthy of defence in the name of freedom.

By now the political daily newspaper has largely disappeared in Canada. The takeover by business interests with aims that are other than political or public service (com-

bined with the desire to please everyone) is largely responsible.

The completely non-political (I much prefer "gutless") character of regulated media like radio seems to set a pattern for newspapers. The newspapers are expected by one and all to be completely impartial on political matters. What's immoral about propaganda (education) if everybody has the chance? Some Canadian newspapers go to ridiculous lengths: inch by inch they measure the political news printed so that each party gets an equal share. Too craven generally to be frankly partisan, such newspapers give news values a hefty kick out the window of impartiality.

The editorial pages—those that will say anything without equivocation—are supposed to be the last refuge of political opinion in the daily press and even these are expected to present "fair" pictures of political issues. That the *Globe and Mail* and the *Winnipeg Free Press* don't pretend to present all sides of questions discussed in editorials should be a mark of distinction rather than a cause for opprobrium. Or is it possible today that such views can be held only by a rank reactionary?

So much then for the not often discussed decline of the press in editorial fortitude. Newspaper publishing has always been hazardous financially. The risk has been aggravated in this century by rocketing mechanical costs. Almost with prescience, the International Typographers Union has so consolidated its position that few improvements such as Phototypesetters have made inroads on the composing room costs of major daily newspapers. Offset methods and the like have not—after many years experience—made sizeable gains. Mechanical progress has been well-buttoned up in the greatcoat of traditional methods and costs.

One invention that is taking hold is a method of getting photographs from afar. The traditional process of transmitting photographs over wires and radio waves involves line by line "scanning" of photographs by a ray of light that is reflected in varying intensities, according to the pattern of light and darkness of the photographs, into electric impulses which are transmitted. At the receiving end the process is reversed: the incoming impulses are changed into varying intensities of light which strike a piece of photographic paper; this then is developed, washed, fixed, and dried in the usual manner by a photographer. The process is time consuming, requires darkrooms and photographers.

It was in seeking cheaper and more reliable systems of wirephoto reception that the newspaper industry may have created a Frankenstein of its own.

Two systems have been invented and are used by most major daily newspapers. They use essentially the same principles. The "scanning" and sending part of the process is the same as that for wirephotos. But the reception has changed.

A machine about the size and weight of a man stands in the corner of the newspaper photo department. In its middle it cuddles a long thin roll of paper about eleven inches wide. This paper is led up past a revolving cylinder into the daylight over a ceramic plate and is either cut off at that point or wound up on a takeup reel at top. The electronic impulses come bounding into this machine from telephone or telegraph wires, pause for a pick-me-up from the amplifying unit, and carry on to a spiral wire on the revolving cylinder.

Here the circuit breaks and the electrical impulses are forced to leap—in sparks—across the gap to a contact adjacent to the revolving cylinder. Passing slowly through this gap is the roll of paper described earlier. Passage of the spark through the paper burns it black, gray, or not at all, depending on the intensity of the spark. As the paper is drawn through, all the tiny marks of spark-jumping become

intelligible as the lights, shadows, and blacks of a photograph, or of the typed material accompanying the photograph.

Now, there's your machine, in wide but limited use—right where television was a few decades back. It seems fairly obvious that mass production could easily lower the cost of this machine, or produce a similar system at low cost.

Here's the chance for an enterprising capitalist. He sets up shop with an entirely new kind of mass medium—"Home Facsimile News and Advertising Service" perhaps—and is able to offer everything the newspaper does. Most of all, he offers a system that allows one to refer again and again to the same item and to make the comparisons which newspapers have pressed as their main advantage over radio and television.

Photographs, news, bridge columns, comics, recipes, and even advertising could be burgeoning forth into your own living room twenty-four hours a day. Facsimile could be as immediate as radio and as lasting as storage space permitted (like newspapers). It might even have a limited "memory". The facsimile service would be available either for a monthly rental (i.e. subscription) on the same basis as telephones, or receivers might be sold outright, with advertising then, as now, paying the bulk of the costs of news assemblage and distribution.

Ah, the costs. Think what the erstwhile publisher would save. No composing rooms, no linotypes, no stereotype equipment, no million-dollar presses, no fleets of delivery trucks, negligible real estate taxes and maintenance. No great capital replacement to worry about nor the huge labor bill that confronts today's publisher like a weekly nightmare. Our man of the future will even be rid of that ever-nagging problem, the carrier boys, so difficult to find and keep efficient. The tremendous problems of physical distribution of newspapers, in a hurry and usually through congested city traffic, would never occur for our facsimile publisher.

Minor problems would arise, naturally. The machines might need servicing but they are less complicated than television sets and they get serviced. The householder could change the long rolls of paper regularly and this would give her something in which to wrap yesterday's fish. (That's the one advantage cynical newspapermen are always claiming over radio and television.) Re-usable plastic tissue regenerated in the machine itself would be possible, after the fashion of modern tape recorders. Full color reproduction should not pose too great a problem.

The method used may not be the one suggested, but that a revolutionary system will come is almost guaranteed by the antiquated state of the daily newspaper business today.

So far, the only people who might take concern are those with their capital and life work tied up in the mechanical part of the business. Here is where the liberals, conservatives and all those concerned with our political freedom must be on their guard. Complain as they may about monopoly newspaper cities, think what complaints such a future might promise. Believers in the Almighty State are all too eager to wrap monopoly publishing under tight government supervision. Seeing the daily press almost exclusively in the camp of big business, some in frustration demand such control. But think of the hubbub should monopoly capitalism develop and control such an instrument of reaching the masses as that just described.

No democratic government could resist the demands and temptation to take it over. Just as radio and television have largely fallen to the state and been sterilized of all effective opinion, so too would your facsimile news service of the not too distant future.

And then think: what would it mean not to have all this bickering about the rights of newspapers, complaints about their failings and the demands for space by crackpots and opposition party members alike.

What if there was no daily press to be free?

It could happen — easily.

## Maclean's

June Callwood

(the last of a series on Canadian periodicals)

► CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *Maclean's*, a bi-weekly in which two million Canadians read about the meaningful private affairs of diplomats, curlews and hockey players, is regarded by the extensive circle of its admirers within the magazine profession with nervous awe. It never seems possible, in an era when the quantity of magazines is dwindling almost as rapidly as the quality of the survivors is increasing in cynicism and hokum, that *Maclean's* can continue successfully when issue after issue maintains an almost lugubrious honesty, a litte freedom from the heavy foot of its advertising department, a disdain for the gaudy gimmicks of circulation boosters and a high opinion of the interior of its subscribers' craniums.

In pursuit of the wispy tease of honesty, which can't be achieved by merely avoiding untruths, *Maclean's* articles employ the technique of balance, giving equal time to each side of both character and controversy to such a degree that there is a testy body of disenchanted who hold *Maclean's* to be colorless. It can also be accused of being so just as to be confusing; many an article on contentious personalities has delighted equally the subject's admirers and enemies.

"I don't understand," an editor once mourned, "why more of the things in *Maclean's* don't provoke a national uproar." A recent editorial on the burning in Fort William of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, he pointed out, contained the sentence that sexual lust has caused "infinitely less damage than religion, in whose name countless bloody wars have been fought and whose more respectable adherents used to consider it their duty not only to burn books but to burn the people who read books." The palpable blunder in *Maclean's* content, if it is ever to stimulate a furore in Canada, is that even the hoyden strippers among its editorials are so cloaked in good sense and tasty prose that they emerge with the dignity and decorum of I.O.D.E. regents.

This was never illustrated so dramatically as during the shrieking height of hysteria over the McCarthy investigations, when U.S. magazines were dumping editors who had skimpy previous association with Communism, and black lists of supposed sympathizers were blighting the careers and friendships of thousands. Ralph Allen, *Maclean's* present editor, chose this twitchy time to write in his magazine that he is unashamed that he once voted Communist. His declaration was totally ignored, by the stiffly Tory owners of his publication, by newspapers of all political faiths, by his subscribers who have a decided list towards high-income substance. Casting a red ballot during the period of the living death of Prairie depression seemed as Allen described it, so much the hallmark of a sane and ordinary citizen that few readers realized the admission was unique in North American journalism and, in the minds of United States residents who heard of it, a marvel of courage.

With the largest editorial staff of any publication in the country, *Maclean's* is so carefully checked and its writers are so conscious of the wrath and horror of its editors at sloppy reporting that mistakes are extraordinarily rare. One writer was startled a year ago when a researcher politely informed him he was in error in a reference to a Canadian golfer

shooting a two-under-par 70 on an obscure golf course in South Carolina. "I checked and par on that course is 71, not 72," the girl told the writer. "Would you mind if we changed the sentence to read 'one-under-par'?"

It was with the jubilation reserved for the fall of all smoothies that the issue at the time of the 1957 election was received. Just as the Progressive-Conservatives were celebrating their dancing victory, a pre-written *Maclean's* editorial dolefully commented: "No one got excited about this election . . . For better or worse, we Canadians have once more elected one of the most powerful governments ever created . . ." Ralph Allen, who wrote the editorial in anticipation of another Liberal victory, followed it up with one considered in many literary circles to be a masterpiece. ". . . an almost unexampled case of editorial fatheadedness," he wrote of his boner.

"It is my contention," commented Floyd S. Chalmers, president of the Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company, "that he wrote the first editorial in order to have an opportunity to write the second." Chalmers, unruffled by the error that made him a target for the gleeful jibes of his friends, pays Allen the tall compliment of non-interference. He sees none of the book before publication except the editorials and, although many of them express views contrary to his own or even directly opposed to those being printed in the fraternal *Financial Post*, in the ten years that Allen has been editor Chalmers has objected only twice to editorials. The mood, even of the protests, is so laced with mutual esteem that the subject of one of the withdrawn editorials has been forgotten; the other concerned old age pensions — both men agreed they needed to be raised but Allen was proposing a more generous increase than Chalmers thought reasonable.

*Maclean's* began its existence in 1904, as the solidly cultural magazines were floundering and a new magazine form, non-specialized and of interest to both men and women, was dawning. *Saturday Night* had preceded the birth of *Maclean's* by seventeen years but the format of John Bayne Maclean's new publication was not imitative. It was his inventive and economical notion to put out a magazine digest, as a service to the subscribers of his trade publications who he suspected were too absorbed in business to have time for multi-magazine reading. To save delay in getting second class mailing privileges, he purchased an advertising agency periodical. The first issue, strikingly like the present *Reader's Digest*, was called *Business Magazine* and the second and succeeding ones for seven years *Busy Man's Magazine*. Then Maclean, a tough, tyrannical, idealistic incorruptible man, named the publication for himself. His itching fascination with Canadian subject matter had long before caused him to lose patience with his scheme of reprinting from English and United States publications. The bulk of the first edition of *MacLean's* in July, 1911, contained original fiction and articles, the former by O. Henry and Robert Service and the latter illustrated as sedately as an old history text book, with such prim titles as "A Locomotive of the New Era." The slender digest section at the back of the 242-page book disappeared altogether a few years later; it was nearly forty years before *MacLean's* lowered the upper case 'L' and spelled its name properly.

John Bayne Maclean, in his first editorial bulletin in the renamed magazine, struck a note that still reverberates through the present magazine: "In view of the great prominence which the press of the country will give to the Imperial Conference and Coronation," he wrote, "MacLean's Magazine will avoid the usual sort of material furnished on such an occasion but will present to its readers, in the August issue, an article written by a staff writer in London

dealing with phases of the Imperial Conference and the Coronation which are usually overlooked." The article turned up in the next issue as promised; titled "Did Laurier Betray Us?", it used two thousand sensible, informative words to say no.

Though its tendency to balance with both feet on the ground gives it an unspectacular air, the modern *Maclean's* is still succeeding in giving its readers material usually overlooked. Its specialty is the round turtle of stolidly researched background, documented detail and chary prophecy, rather than the flashy hare of curlicued writing prancing lightly on the facts. Since the subject matter of each article is chosen with the same strict standard of unmitigated worth, the magazine sometimes seems heavy in the hand. Its readers never doubt that *Maclean's* is good for them, but few strain out of upper windows to get a glimpse of the postman on delivery day.

Possibly because so much of the magazine cannot be read with only casual concentration, the yellow-paged terse Preview section introduced a few years ago has been a capering success. Astonishingly, it competes with newspapers on current events and despite the unfavorable disparity in publishing time is generally first. York University's conception and the Sifton-Bell merger were first in Preview, for instance, which achieves its effects sometimes by shrewd anticipation and sometimes by uncluttered ability to ignore sacred cows and the importance of advertisers.

The present editor, the tenth in a chain that includes historian-novelist Thomas Costain, Napier Moore and diplomat W. Arthur Irwin, has said that a magazine must have character and identity; he has a decidedly awkward time defining one for *Maclean's*. He hopes to put out, he says, a magazine that will be read and respected. A limp facility is sufficient to bring out a magazine that is read without being respected and many a haughty intelligence is dedicated to publishing magazines that are respected without being read; *Maclean's* endures agony at deadline time that has made its standards a legend among outraged Canadian writers in an effort to achieve the twin goals.

The purpose which Ralph Allen once ascribed the magazine, to be a mirror for Canadians to see themselves and a window through which they can view the world, is sometimes streaked by the ambivalence of the head co-ordinator, who sees merit in attitudes and styles of writing that are clearly on a collision course. For instance, admirers of the crisp, common sense political writings of Blair Fraser cannot be as enchanted with the pleased ponderousness of Sir Beverley Baxter; readers who chortle over the fiery Farley Mowat are perhaps not as charmed by the gentle carefulness of Fred Bodsworth; the suave tiger humor of bright young men Mordecai Richler and John Gray can't excite equally the sizable audience for Robert Thomas Allen's gingham apron reminiscences. The effect of a jumbled lack of homogeneity gives *Maclean's* a genuine Canadian twang; there is obvious uncertainty what the quality is, but a growing sureness of what it isn't: phony.

*Maclean's* circulation is now 519,575, slightly below a sleezy competitor *Liberty*, well below its Maclean-Hunter sister *Chatelaine* and 300,000 behind the Canadian edition of *Reader's Digest* it ironically foresaw. But the proportion of readers is startling, in view of the editorial department's belligerent refusal to make garish its covers to catch newsstand sales or have any truck with jaunty promotion schemes. Projected to a comparable circulation in the United States, this represents 6.5 million sold copies.

The two million Canadians who regularly read *Maclean's*, a group evenly divided by gender, are reported in a survey to be substantially better educated, more influential and

well-to-do than an average sampling of population. Twenty-six times a year these prime readers find a magazine that reflects disciplining chauvinism, a cheery severity, prudence without concern for being called coward, high courage cloaked in diffidence. It gives off an unmistakable aura of integrity, unfaked humility and faith that mankind is not a shabby, selfish animal. It calls itself Canada's National Magazine. Lucky day for Canada that it is.

### Seven Deadlies

(in Good Housekeeping imagery)

#### 1. Cup, Pride

You (o so shy) and yr cup, whose hungry face  
Goes careful down and careful up;  
How many drowned glances have gone down  
To sinful death in that place?

#### 2. Feather Tick, Sloth

Here in the thick of sloth  
Wallow in the trough  
Be tickled and  
Laugh it off.

#### 3. The empty Pantry, Avarice

The cynic Miss Hubbard  
Once shored in her cupboard  
Only yawns, tears and sneers  
And much critical guff.  
She was hungry and went there  
But the cupboard was bare!  
"Does this mean," (asked Miss H. with some fears)  
"That a half truth is never enough?"

#### 4. A two-Year Old;<sup>1</sup> Anger

Pummelling the house with fistfuls of thunder  
The wonderful two-year-old, mighty like a mouse,  
After drumming up an intense tantrum  
Sulks with his blanket and his thumb.

#### 5. Picture or Mirror, Lust

a picture a mirror with no other whirly  
bird agent merely lifts up longing boy or girly  
over and into fresher fire:  
sometimes it's really that dreamed-of other room  
sometimes just the tomb  
of yr desires.

#### 6. Baseboard, Envy

In every type of structure eyes sweep  
And swoop on horizontal and vertical deep,  
Drop; "Your daily dust we seek!"  
The dirt you daily sweep.

#### 7. Gluttony, Refrigerator

At the "slow, sensational and secret sight"<sup>2</sup>  
Of you, so chaste, so whitely gleaming, humming,  
I take my sandwich in my hand  
And on my stein I'm strumming:  
O Gula Girl, O Gula Girl,  
O Gula Girl,  
Be mine.

M. MORRIS.

<sup>1</sup>"Another with more determination and pride will stick to his yelling and thrashing for an hour . . ." p. 256, Dr. Spock.

<sup>2</sup> A. M. Klein

**To Pamela Jane**

And you were born on that same day,  
Rounding on us for your green beginning,  
Where others before you, so they say,  
Made a glorious end of it, ascending.

Will you, beginning where they began again  
(Perseus', Christ's, St. George's dragons slain),  
Refract the green flash life of light  
To their pure red and white?

Who knows? Yet so I ask you roundly.  
Your eyes return their answer: but if you  
Follow the splashing rain down to the sea  
You will have come full circle as we do

Who were not born to crash our lights  
Or rape our pleasure from an inert stone.  
Go cramp and wrench this round sphere till it fits  
Your palm, and say your will be done.

JOHN ORRELL.

**Dans Le Jardin**

Dearest girl, my hands are too fond of flesh  
For me to speak to you; and you are too tall  
For me to think you beautiful, though beautiful  
You are. You are some other's fortunate wish

Though alone and your idle limbs inviting.  
If I should call to you, give you this verse  
And later caress your thighs with these fingers  
You would rise like a wraith, like some wan Viking

Come from the North, mists upon her shoulders.  
Your eyes are too grave and too luminous  
And pledge but one cold nocturnal kiss,  
Their gaze putting out the fires that it stirs

Till I hear bells, a slowly dying sound,  
Where no bells are; how then should I suppose  
You passionately flinging off skirt and blouse  
And letting my squat body pin you to the ground?

So as you move your blanket and thin buttocks  
To catch the failing sunlight on your face,  
I watch you from my stationary place,  
My limbs as immovable as these planted rocks

And think of Fate and of your immoderate height  
And of your spoiling gauntness; and of what blind  
Excuse to make the ceremonious stars who'll find  
Our bodies uncoupled by the coming night.

IRVING LAYTON.

**To My Other Self**

When I have melted to a metaphor,  
refuse the widow's cot. For I bet Death  
(the only image Time cannot defeat)  
my life I'd never die. And I did not.  
So don't upset the soil in search of me.  
I won't be there. The ground's too cold. Besides,  
what ill-bred fool would choose the earth his home  
when you exist to house him in your heart?

Though eyes are out of sight, I witness you.  
Though hands are out of touch, I cleave to you.  
My Other Self has been conceived in you.  
While I'm retrieved in you, I cannot wane.  
For Love persists wherever there is Love,  
despite the feast or famine of the flesh.

DAVID NIRENSTEIN.

**Winter**

Winter brings death's dark vision  
Over my words,  
As birds, returned too soon,  
Shiver in my inarticulate waste.

I saw the glazed eyes of one  
Frozen with wings huddled  
Pitifully in the ice.

Lear too must have known this cold  
In the storm, and the blind Oedipus  
Found symbols in these snow spumes  
Turning desolately along the ice ridge.

I have returned early  
For lenten exercises, to search out  
The riddle of my early death  
In a dead bird.

Poor sparrow! Was the inner eye  
Opened through suffering, the light  
Beginning to flicker behind those eyes  
So heavy-lidded with cold?

I will probe your mystery, eternal gazer  
Over my arctic desert,  
And will find if pain purifies man's vision  
Till it can stand naked against a winter sky.

DOUGLAS TISDALE.

**Spring in Russell Square**

People in deck chairs are spattered  
Splashing the paths like geraniums  
Lolling and spilling over  
Onto forbidden greenness.

Trees toss at their moorings  
Outrageously planting new flags  
In empire of blue air  
A blackbird on lookout duty  
Cries heave-ho  
To pigeons popping below  
Chattering tulip faces  
Clasp hands and bow.

About the monument of Bedford  
Smiling in bold bronze  
Office girls curl with cupids  
Whirl parasol skirts  
Toss sandwiches, munch words.  
And the young men sauntering, eyeing  
New-fashioned flounces of tulip  
Are dusk-red roamers, wallflowers  
Appraising the fluttering females.

*You can't have a bench to yourself  
Not these days, can you?*  
Reproves the well-scrubbed old woman  
Squeezing herself and her blind husband  
Beside the young lovers.

And they stop whispering  
Speak hand to hand only  
Toe writing in the gravel.  
*Be my love*, his body is saying  
Kneel  
*And let me feel*  
*Your foolhardy hair*  
*Striking to windward.*

*Hold still. Hold still.  
I feel you flowing  
In my breasts, she is replying  
Shifting her eyes from sun  
Suddenly blinded.*

But the old man and the old woman  
Sit separate, silent  
Sigh  
As a bird wing flashes  
On the pool of remembrance.

And beyond the hemmed green hemisphere  
And dove-tailed park  
The traffic's tempest  
Roars round the clock.

DOROTHY LIVESAY.

### The Atlantic

(For Miss Kathleen Raine)

The Atlantic lies between us. Offshore (here at Coney) directly under sun, it stuns the eye (like mail) but farther out (towards you) is pear and overcomes as sky. It feeds between the bathers; fluting round about them; leaf (lettuce) green, eggwhite; more terrier than terror; who, surveying from this apron-edge of sand, thinks how this tide is animal, and has the heart to kill? But I have seen it rise, I know it kills (I, who in the jawing of its waves went down) so moiling (resurrection) now, (in ferment of what runs me north ((from south) east to you) I keep my burn't-child's-distance (out of reach) the least of gulls who fancy fellowship (here, dangling in low eclipse of sky) because they spy a (surface) form in darkened parallel of (e)motion.

G. C. ODEN.

### Small Requiem

All my flowers are peonies  
With stems of ants  
And stains of darksweet red;  
My dirge is played on  
Broken reeds  
By fake and nasal snake-  
Charmers wailing to drugged  
Vipers; my mourners  
Are the morning-sorry  
Women with rumpled minds  
And eagle-fingers, who seek  
Excuses behind pulled blinds;  
They peel the labels from my  
One-too-many biers  
And build my monument:  
Collage,  
Pasted from the corners torn from tears.

MARGARET E. ATWOOD.

### Too Much, Beloved Infidel, Too Soon

When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
She used to pay for being rash;  
But now she hires a ghost, by golly,  
And turns her lapses into cash.

DEREK PETHICK.

### We

Running, we  
are white shadow  
against a night wall.  
Stopping, we  
take firm hold of a blind wind,  
And stand fast-rooted  
to a carpet of solemn air.

Nomads, we,  
who call ourselves  
children of time —  
chasing motionless movement  
o'er floating hills,  
amid sunlight swimming —  
To stand awhile, silent.

And view such fantasy  
as we create  
from mountain  
torn from dreams  
undreamed.

GWEN MC EWEN.

## Three Sketches

### Aunt Marion's House

► WHEN TOM AND I got there it was still early in the morning and so foggy we could scarcely see the house from the driveway. We rushed in, stumbling up the steps of the old veranda and Aunt Marion met us at the door. She seemed to have shrunk. Her wrinkledness was more apparent than ever. "It was terrible," she said, waving her hands, "I went in to take him some medicine and he was—gone!" The last note withered away to a whisper. She shook her head—not very grey for all her seventy-five years, "I feel just like having a good cry." I put my arms around her shoulders. something I would not have dared in a less critical moment, and was shocked by their fragility, for she did much hard work. "Just cry then, Aunt Marion," I said, "if you feel like it." "Oh, no," she pulled away from me and gathering herself together said primly, "that does no good." The quaver had almost dropped from her voice and I knew she was ashamed to let us see that she had weakened for a moment even in this extremity.

Tom and I had to go to the undertaker's then, to arrange for his father's funeral. Neither of us had ever had any experience of this, and the trappings of death in that strange place were disturbing. The effect appalled, even through the numbness of our misery. Obviously this establishment had been a large and pretentious private home once. It was a chilling thought that behind the discreetly curtained interior doors once leading to brightly lit rooms, cold marble awaited future occupants and we knew not what ghastly paraphernalia for disguising death with a mocking mask. We were shown into an office, evidently a large pantry at one time, and in its unnatural quiet filled out what must have been the necessary forms. The strain this place imposed on him showed in Tom's face and I longed to hurry him out to where the flower borders bloomed and life pulsed as usual in the street. "Oh, one thing more, Mr. Grey, my aunt would like the funeral to be at home. She says it's—it's always been done that way in our family." Tom laughed a sort of nervous apology, "she says my father would have liked it much better." I couldn't imagine Dave having cared in the least

about such things, but the old lady who had been his devoted sister had only her whims left.

"Oh, that's different!" Young Mr. Grey who moved and spoke with sepulchral softness was plainly taken back by this suggestion, but he seemed to be ready to deal with any emergency in his black-gloved manner. He had, in fact, the personality of a rather elegant ghost. "Well, it's unusual these days, unusual, your father was so well-known—well, we'll bring chairs down for the service." He seemed to estimate Tom's father's popularity in chairs. "I'll tell you what, Mr. Henderson, I'll come down and look the place over first."

At the house the day dragged on interminably. Tom's brothers and sisters with and without families arrived from the station or by car, and retired, red-eyed, to compose themselves. The front door, embellished now with a depressing bow of crumpled velvet swung back and forth. Large ornate "arrangements" of what had once been beautiful flowers were placed on the hall floor and became sickening in their intensity of odour. On one trip through the front hall I was startled to find a sort of mock lectern holding a register for visitors, set up where the hat rack belonged. From it a gold pencil dangled offensively.

The day had the quality of a vaguely prolonged nightmare. Outside, the sun had a quality like stage lighting when it finally broke through. It seemed too bright, as it sometimes does in August. People were coming and going, the phone ringing, messages were passed along in hushed tone and Aunt Marion was repeating her plaintive litany over and over again to all who would listen. For once she did not lack an audience or even have to share it.

"He went into the city yesterday, to the ball game, being a holiday you know—with that Mr. Soames from the School Board and the Minister. They all liked David. He got home about six, didn't eat much supper. (She seemed to speak of him in capital letters.) There were just the two of us here, we had macaroni, yes, that was it. He said his stomach was a little uneasy. But it often was, I didn't think a thing about it." Her face stiffened. "Poor David!" she sighed.

That night at supper Aunt Marion held forth. She had never lived her own life. From the time she was a young woman she had been the family drudge, the handmaiden of its sicknesses and deaths. Usually she was quiet, but to-night it was as if death had loosened her tongue. As I looked at her fine-lined face, strong in its age yet almost transparent, her skin made me think of some dried fruit of a delicate fading colour, apricot perhaps, but when she spoke her voice was now firm. The great arch of the dining-room door was behind her and I thought of how much alike were she and this house which her father had built. Solid, reliable, old-fashioned. I often wondered which she valued most, the family of which she was a part, or the house. They were her world and she wanted no other, the house built before she was born and the family who now surrounded her and to whom she was as fiercely loyal as a martyr to his cause. She was a martyr and they were her cause. First, her older sister Margaret, who had married late, had come home to die a lingering death on Marion's hands, in the days before sanitoria were developed. Later, Janet, a teacher, lived with Marion and never raised a hand outside of school hours, but left Marion, uncomplaining, to care for the house for both of them, and for their parents. She had outlived the three of them, not without some pride in her durability. Then, ten years ago, David, her widowed brother had come to live with her, for company. I used to think that she could have done without any of them if she had been left to run the house undisturbed. Its age, its darkness, its inconveniences were all dear to her and she resisted all but the most necessary attempts to

"modernize". "There's one thing about this house," she'd say, "there's room to move in it." Or, if there were any hint that the upstairs rooms were cold, "people nowadays sleep in over-heated rooms—very unhealthy, I always say."

To-night she held forth more freely than usual and one could discern a note of hysteria in this unwanted self-expression. She had prepared supper in her customary efficient way for all. The family carried on as they always would, as if nothing had happened. One would have thought it an ordinary family gathering except for the inevitable references to plans for the next day, and the feeling of a determined effort behind the commonplace activities.

In the den, on the far side of the house a waxen figure lay very still in an ornate casket banked against an arrangement of plush curtains and glaring yellow lights, suffused with the stench of too many flowers and hung about with the faint sickening aura of decay.

In the dining-room amid the clatter of dishes and even restrained laughter—Aunt Marion looked up from her task of filling the tea cups, carefully, for her hand shook a little more than usual. There was a rapt look about her for a moment, and, addressing herself particularly to Tom and speaking with quiet pride, "You know," she said, "Mr. Grey says this house is *perfect* for a funeral."

HILDA KIRKWOOD

### A Blue Iris

► THEY'RE BEGINNING TO CHANGE colour, those maple leaves. Snow has dusted some of the mountain peaks and when I walk near the beach sand blows angrily across the rocks, lashing my legs and dust flies into my hair. Soon, the woods and parks will spark gold and rusty leaves of Autumn and I shall run beneath the trees, straining to catch each falling leaf. Doesn't one leaf trapped promise a day of exuberance? But I shall be alone. A solitary grub in this hive of near-dying industry. Very much alone.

You will understand why if I tell you an incident which occurred this morning when my husband and I drove out of town and through the valley. We stopped to unpack our bags and when he began to sketch he said, "Norah, don't watch me like that. Please go for a walk—or do something!"

So I wandered across the Indian reservation passing the boarded shacks bloated with decay. Then I made my way down to the river bank and looked at the trophies I had gained; a piece of driftwood shaped like a cobra and two spits of blood on my left foot where the tough grass had whipped my skin.

My husband is an artist—a commercial artist. You may as well utter the first words that come to your mind. A seahorse, an anemone . . . an iris. (There was an iris on the river bank this morning, one flower by itself.) You'd expect him to be enthralled by his work, wouldn't you . . . that it would gnaw at his very being. If I were he, I'd be screaming and snarling, not complacently telling people I handled advertising layouts and yes, Merliff and Gould had some good accounts. But he doesn't rebel. He affects great interest in his work and describes it to our friends as though he were telling them how to make avocado punch.

When Jack Dooley showed so much enthusiasm, I thought my husband would become more interested in his work too. Each Saturday, he and Jack go sketching, and show me their work, at least Jack produces his. My husband just sits there—contemplating. Jack said with all the work they were planning to do, by the end of the Summer they should have more dexterity handling their brushes. I wish that were so.

Jack has a wife who watches the paycheck, washes her children's ears regularly and makes quite an impression at the parties M. and G. throw once in a while to impress their accounts. She dresses her speech too, and Jack. "Yes, it would be quite wonderful if they all went to Mexico and Jack quit his job as Art Director but you know how hard it is with the children's future to be planned" . . . Art? She has no sensitivity to Jack's talent. And he has talent; more than my husband. At Christmas we threw a party and Jack told me he was going to Mexico and his wife and children could accompany him if they wished, if not they could stay home.

"Jack, you've been saying that since I first met you," I reminded him as I watched the effects of too much gin slip down his face. "You really will go?"

He shouted then. "No . . . I can't. What about the kids, Norah? What about the kids?"

If my husband had wished to go anywhere to improve his technique, I would have gone too. Even if we had children but we have none which is something he feels smugly about. When we married, he said he'd rather sire guinea pigs than bring children into this world. What he wanted was my entire attention.

I expected competition. Friends of his had told me that I would have to be tolerant of the compelling urges to work which only possess an artist. I expected to be lonely when he favoured the brush but there has been no intensity felt by him—for anything. I have had no searing aches from taking second place to his art. There has been *no* place. I am more lonely than if I had been scorched by his continual submission to his output. There has been no output! No work of any worth done these days. It is hard to understand that he paints at will, merely when he feels like it. He refuses to master any form of expression. I feel like telling him to continue hugging his armchair. To die there if he wants to—he must be studying it. Wood's Spring Furnishing layout perhaps?

Alone this morning, I walked while he sketched. The iris on the river bank nodded its head as I made my way towards it. The stalk was rough and snapped abruptly from the stubbled growth. I wrapped it around the crude piece of bark shaped like a cobra and walked along the stretch of shringle by the water's edge for a while. Finally I retraced my steps.

"Finished your sketch?" I asked my husband as I made my way up the slope.

"Not much good working in this sun."

"Can I see it?"

"Threw it away. It wasn't worth keeping."

"You did? But you could have done it again later, at home dear." He didn't answer so I stood in front of him holding out my hands, "see what I found?"

"Driftwood? Thought we had enough of that in the living room to last for six months."

"It's shaped like a snake. And I found a flower."

He was packing his equipment and didn't look up so I moved away. Clinging to one petal of the flower was a fragment of seashell. I picked at it and then flicked it off with my thumb. It left a tiny, diaphanous scar and beneath it a petal coruscated a deeper blue. For a brief moment, I caressed the petals. He stood up, "Ready, Norah?"

"Yes," I sighed, "I'm ready." I crunched the flower in my hand, throwing the bruised petals upon the ground and letting the dull blades of grass dip over them and bury them.

I walked beside him, but I was alone.

JANET E. GREEN.

### The Hunter

► FROM THE HIGH RIDE, Jim watched the doe walk down towards the pond. Through the valley and up towards him came the sharp clicking of her heels striking the hard slab-stone. Jim raised his rifle. Sighting, he slowly, deliberately followed each movement of the doe's small head. Smiling he squeezed the trigger.

The doe leaped into the air, her thin legs thrashing furiously for life, trembled for a moment then dropped into the cold water while the shot echoed along the high granite cliffs of the gorge.

Jim glanced at Ann his fiancee and winked.

"Right between the eyes, I'll bet," he said easing the shell out of the well-oiled mechanism. She turned and walked to the truck.

"Bring me my gun case, Honey."

"No."

"Why not," he asked turning towards her.

Ann got into the truck and slammed the door.

"O.K., O.K.," he yelled and flung his hunting jacket to the ground. "Women," he added with derision, "Should never take 'em out hunting anytime."

Jim dropped to his knees and gently lowered his gun into the hunting jacket and rolled the garment around it. He lifted the bundle up and placed it on a huge slab of rock. Quickly he moved to the edge of the ridge and made his way down the steep narrow path, the loose stones, rolling and falling noisily to the bottom of the cliff.

At the pond he grabbed the doe by the legs, jerked it out of the water and onto his shoulders, a trickle of blood splashing down his red hunting shirt. He struggled up the cliff, reached the top of it, took a momentary breather then walked determinedly towards his truck. He threw the doe into the pick-up box and went to get his gun. Carefully he unrolled his hunting jacket from around his gun and put on his jacket with one hand, then walked back to the truck.

"Hand me my gun case, Ann," Jim said casually, one foot on the running board. Ann kept staring down the tote road, her hands folded on her lap.

"What's wrong with you," he asked sharply. "Can't you hear me. I said give me my case" . . . He waited, his eyes blazing resentment. Ann didn't move.

"Now look here, what the hell . . ." And he dove his huge hand through the window frame and grabbed his gun case. "Last time you'll ever come out in the bush with me." He slammed the gun swiftly into the case, lashed the leather thongs around it firmly, jerked open the door and jumped in behind the steering wheel. "Goddamn women." He slipped the gun case into a fancy holder by the steering wheel, rammed the starter and shot the truck into second gear and up the twisting tote road. "Goddamn women."

At the highway he skidded to a stop, looked sharply both ways, then roared out onto the black pavement.

"All right, all right. What the hell is it," he yelled.

"I shouldn't have come, that's all," Ann said. "I just shouldn't have come. Please take me home. Just take me home." And she began to cry.

"Ah, now don't go starting that —"

The sun slipped away, the clouds blackened and to the east the moon, round and majestic rose and bathed the forest and the black pavement with a strange iridescent glow. A white sign raced by. Port Arthur: 22 Miles. Jim shoved the gas pedal down harder. The truck, quivering with the fresh fuel flowing through it, surged ahead at seventy miles an hour down the smooth black pavement.

In front of Ann's house, Jim eased the truck to the curb with a sudden halt. He braked with the emergency and leaned back on the seat.

"You're home," he said flatly.

Ann reached for the door handle and was about to get out.

"Just a second," Jim said impatiently, gripping her arm, "I want to talk to you."

"There's nothing to say." And she shook his hand off and got out of the car.

"What the hell's the big idea?" Jim said bounding out of the car and following her to the gate. "I want to talk to you . . . I want to talk to you. Do you understand."

Ann closed the gate behind her and left him standing on the sidewalk. Jim glared at her furiously.

"O.K., if that's the way you want it — "

"Yes." And she slipped off the small diamond ring and handed it to him.

"Ah, for Pete's sake, Ann," he said grabbing the ring. You don't even know what the hell's good for you."

"Maybe," Ann said turning, then suddenly running up the walk, tears streaming down her cheeks as she went into the house and shut the door tightly behind her.

Jim stood for a moment thinking black thoughts and looking up at the light shining softly through the window of Ann's room. He turned and walked back to his truck. He glanced at the lifeless doe stretched on the bottom of the metal box, noticing the clean, well spaced bullet hole. He

ran his hand over its furry head, smiling as he stuck his little finger in the hole and clicked his tongue with self-esteem. "Nice little shot, there. Nice little shot."

He got into the truck, lit a cigar and started to whistle through his teeth as he turned on the ignition. He drove away, one hand gripping the steering wheel and the other hand resting, gently but firmly on the gun case. And the whistling grew louder and louder as the smile broadened into a great big grin.

MICHAEL JOHN NIMCHUK.

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## A Christmas Story

*Kildare Dobbs*

► IN DECEMBER 1942 I was an Ordinary Seaman aboard H.M.S. *Caldwell*. She was the ex-U.S.S. *Hale* (I think that was the name still inscribed on the ship's bell) one of the fifty old destroyers traded by the United States for British bases, and she was—like all her class—a pig of a ship in a sea. In a flat calm she rolled about ten degrees. In half a gale she would bump and grind like a burlesque queen—her motion was violent and intricate as that of the navel of a Port Said belly-dancer. Green boys like me would spew their hearts up, at least till we got our sea-legs. We got them by shock therapy. Our messmates were kindly men with our best interests at heart—and you know how it is with people who have your best interests at heart.

The killick of the mess would peer earnestly into my deathly pale face and ask in a gentle tone, "Ow'd yer like some nice fat pork chops my liddle lotus blossom?" And if I winced ever so slightly he would increase the pressure. "Frog-spawn in cowpats? Or snotballs in virgin's water?" You can imagine the effect on a puritan like me!

The coxswain cured me. He caught me leaning over the lee rail. He led me to the mast. "All right son," he said, with that grim tenderness which would one day earn him promotion to the rank of Master-at-Arms, "All right son—masthead look-out for you!"

Masthead look-out! I shot a look of terror at the crows' nest far above me, swooping and plunging against the driving clouds—every motion of the ship exaggerated a thousand-fold. I shut my eyes tight.

I could not shut out the coxswain. "Come on then—smack it about a bit. Up that fucking stick!"

Ladies—I did not like his language any better than you do. I have said it once, and I will say it again: the Royal Navy is no place for a boy who is thinking of taking Holy Orders. But every other kind of orders he must take, and take at once. So up that fucking stick I went. And the sheer terror of it—terror of the sea and the motion and the height, terror of the coxswain who wanted to make a sailor of me and would do it if he had to break my bloody neck, terror of the R.N., the bloody Andrew that could do everything to me except put me in the family way—the terror, I say, so possessed my soul that there was no longer any room for such trifles, such merely physical inconveniences as sea-sickness.

The point I wish to make is that at the time I speak of I was no longer a green boy but a swaggering young sailor who knew his bends and hitches and could swear and spit but to leeward and keep his underwear clean and look out for his-self. And when it was blowing half a gale or more that boy could screw up his eyes and look into the wind with a sneer and say "That's bugger-all Jack. You ain't seen nothing yet!" And when the seas were coming over green amidships and that boy was sent aft from the fo'c'sle with a bucket or a spike or a heaving-line he knew enough to keep a whore's grip on the life-line with one hand while the other hand worked for the King—one hand for Jack and one for the navy, that was the way of it. I had learned how to be a professional about the war: my malice was not wasted on the enemy but found a nearer target in my superior officers and I knew the Golden Rule. Never volunteer for anything.

In December 1942 we picked up a slow convoy off New York to escort it in the general direction of the British Isles. That, at all events was the buzz, the rumour. No one on the lower deck ever knew anything about the war, the battle, the

immediate objective. We had to depend on the buzz, which we would get perhaps by wheedling it out of the Yeoman of Signals or from the officers' stewards or cooks who might or might not overhear it. But the Yeoman and his like were very cagey and only fed us the buzz when they felt big-hearted: it gave a boost to their self importance to know something that the rest of us didn't. So it was mostly like the song: "We don't know where we're going until we're there." It seems very queer, looking back on it, that all the time we were taking part in the Battle of the Atlantic, and we never knew it. Later, my lords commissioners for the Admiralty gave us a medal to prove it, but still it was hard to believe. It was much easier to believe that the reason why the gongs were dished out was to keep up our end with the Yanks. They got medals for everything—leaving home, landing in Europe, catching the clap in North Africa, playing football, knocking up our juries in Birkenhead . . .

But back to my yarn. We had no trouble with U-boats that trip. The weather was too heavy—blowing like a bastard and those big seas running that you get in mid-winter in the western ocean. It made us cheerful—the boisterousness of it with the flying clouds and the foam-laced green water and the knowledge that the U-boats would have a tough time taking a bead on any of us. Only the cook was in a savage humour. Every lurch of the ship scattered him with scalding fat or live steam. Once I caught a glimpse of him, wedged near the stove, leaning over a dirty great yawning pot with a dribble of fat crackling in the bottom like a musketry-display and two little sad eggs frying. And as the old *Caldwell* leaped and shuddered I could hear in a lull of the wind, and while the ship steadied herself a moment, and the fire in the stove sank—like the wind, the earthquake, the fire in the Book of Kings—the still, small voice of the weary cook.

"Fry, you yellow 'eaded bastards—fry!"

About eight days out—I suppose we were somewhere in mid-Atlantic—the buzz went that we were short of fuel. Sure enough we got the order to clear lower deck. We were going to try and fuel at sea from one of the tankers in our convoy.

Well now, madams, I will not sully your ears nor my typing-engine with any attempt to describe the frightful frustrations that ensued as, fed-up, fogged-up and far from home, with all hands at panic stations and more adjectival flap than *that*, we jolly jacks in our old tin packet-of-wood-bines tried to outwit the weather and approach that wallowing tanker. The idea was to grapple up a buoyant tube which she would float towards us, and suck the life-giving juice, the black mother's milk, that made us go, into our depleted tanks. No such luck . . . I have said I will not describe it and I won't.

The attempt was abandoned.

The buzz was that we would run for St. John's or Halifax or Boston or New York. We turned one hundred and eighty degrees and left, without regret, our convoy.

This, if I remember rightly, took place just before my watch went below to dinner. The motion seemed more violent than before—we had the sea astern and as well as the pitch and roll to which we were accustomed there was a new movement—a wide corkscrew yawning of the stern. Great lumps of water thudded against the ship's side while we clung craftily to our plates and cups. Every blow of the sea was greeted with a cheer. With any luck, enough damage would be done to keep us in port for a week of repairs.

Bangs for Boston! We thought of all those men-hungry Yankee girls waiting for us at the navy-yard gates with their soft, clean beds and heated houses, their beer and ice-cream and big shiny cars. Bumps for Brooklyn. The lights

of New York glistened in our eyes. We would fight the war just as long as we had to, but there wasn't any green in our eyes and if we were lucky enough to get knocked out of the battle for a week or two there would be no complaints from us. So let the sea do its damnedest—we only cheered it on.

No one reckoned much to the Canuck ports. They seemed to us crummy places, crawling with shore patrols. And to make matters worse the Canuck shore patrols were not drawn from sea-going ships but from stone frigates on the beach—men who emphatically did not belong, despite their nautical uniforms, to the sea-going fraternity. It was one thing to be told to square off your cap (which we invariably wore flat aback) by your shipmate or someone who might have been your shipmate; but to be told it by some longshore bastard of a jumped-up Yankee presbyterian who talked through his nose like a Hollywood cowboy, and who, moreover had the nerve to attire himself in bellbottoms, blue-jean collar and black-in-mourning-for-Nelson scarf like yourself—why, that was hard to bear! And it might well be worth two weeks detention to fill his landlubber's lamps for him, to trim his saucy wick.

We cheered the ravaging sea. We didn't know, and if we had known we probably would not have cared, that our side in the war was desperately short of escort ships, and that if we were to be out of the fight for even two or three weeks harm would be done to our cause. We had learnt to look out for ourselves.

Our boisterous mood was suddenly interrupted.

There was a terrible crash as of thousands of tons of water against the ship's side. All the lights went out. Everything on the mess table shot off and crashed to the deck in the same moment. And then there seemed to be an instant, not long, but intense and profound, of a silence broken only by the tinkle of shattered glass.

"Christ, we've been tin-fished!" someone said in a choked voice.

The ship keeled over and over, quite slowly, to starboard. We were certain she was going to capsize. Just as she reached the limit beyond which it would have been impossible for her to right herself, she began to roll back.

The master-gyro, which normally kept up a steady hum behind its wire screen by the after bulkhead of the messdeck, had stopped. Suddenly its alarm-bell began to shrill. Water began to pour down the hatch from the weather deck. Some of the men made a rush for the companionway.

For some reason I sat tight. I wanted to think for a moment.

The water stopped coming when it was only ankle deep. My oppo, my best friend in the mess, was a former Sussex poacher called Fortune. He lit us a couple of cigarettes with a hand that I could see was shaking and came out with a comment in the proper service manner, one of those pusser understatement that matelots learn to make as they learn to do long splices.

"Bangs for Boston," he said.

"Bumps for Brooklyn," I antiphoned.

But there was no fun to it now.

It appeared—are you still with me?—that we had not been tin-fished. A great, breaking sea had stove in part of the portside, bashing a hole in the thin steel wall of Mr. Martin the Gunner's cabin, and tearing away the guard rails on the same side.

The Old Man sent round a message by the Chief Boat-swain's Mate that we had stood right into a force-ten-and-upwards hurricane and would have to heave to and hope for the best.

I kept my watches in the port side of the wheelhouse and the sight of that fearsome sea knocked all the bounce out

of me. There was no more sneering. The coxswain, taking a trick at the wheel beside me, fighting to keep us head to wind, was pale and silent. Once, however, he looked at me for a moment and shouted,

"Thirty years I've been at sea and I've never seen it like this!"

I had read, and you too, sirs, madams, little ones, have read, in Victorian novels and elsewhere, the most exciting and alarming descriptions of hurricanes at sea. Nothing ever written could prepare you for the fact. All about you is the most appalling violence of an abstract, impersonal kind—the air full of noise, white spray, cloud, glassy-green water, cloud, spray, noise. And to it you respond with an abstract terror that is like no other terror—certainly like none of the common terrors of war.

On our watch below we could not sleep, what with this terror and the crashing of the waves against the ship. I myself, a swaggering sailor no more, did not sleep for seventy-two hours on end.

That first night the sea tore off the starboard side of the bridge as if its thick steel were so much cardboard.

The sea smashed the whaler and the motor-boat. A few shreds of timber hung from the twisted davits till we cut them loose. The sea tore away all the Carley floats and knocked one of the four funnels askew. It ripped the guard-rails from the fo'le to the stern and sent heavy reels of rope and wire cable rolling wildly about the weather decks.

One of the watch-keeping officers fractured his spine and had to be lashed in a stretcher to the ward-room couch. One of the two chief stokers disappeared. He died at sea and no one saw him go. That, I thought, was the way it would be with all of us. We were going to die uselessly and no one would know. There would be no famous last words, no grand gestures.

For our radio was quickly beaten out of action, not before our sparkers had received word that a number of other ships had foundered with all hands.

The buzz went round that H.M.S. *Caldwell* was very likely to break her back, and of course if that happened it was good night. When Jimmy-the-One (first lieutenant to you) mustered some of us off watch for *prayers* we were convinced we'd had it. He was a pig of an R.N. type, genuine pusser's issue, King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions and the Articles of War, all bull and brass buttons. He addressed His Maker as if He were on a charge. "O Eternal Lord God, who alone spreadest out the heavens and rulest the raging of the sea, who hast compassed the waters with bounds till day and night come to an end, be pleased to receive into Thy Almighty and most Gracious Protection . . ."

We knew that a man like Jimmy-the-One would never have appealed to so high an authority unless he had first become convinced that the lower echelons—the Old Man, the Admiralty, Winston Churchill—had all done their useless best. We were not comforted.

I was eighteen. I was by no means ready to think about dying. Why, I had hardly started to live! Yet for several days, like all my shipmates, I had to think about it constantly.

I tried Jimmy-the-One's tack. The Lord is my shepherd, I told myself. Fair enough—I certainly felt like a sheep. I was putting up such a bleat the most cowardly bellwether would have recognized his kinsman in me. Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full—why it was the motto of the Royal bloody Andrew! But then—"therefore can I lack nothing." I lacked everything, even food and sleep. The galley was by now kaput, not so much because of the danger to the cook as because the stove used the same fuel as the engine-room,

and that had to be conserved. Consequently there was nothing to eat but bully beef and ship's biscuit.

It was not that I doubted the presence of the Lord. Who could doubt it when he was showing off so ferociously and magnificently his wonders in the deep? But it seemed to me that if he had been much concerned about sudden death he would have done something about it long ago.

You can see, reverend sir, that I was not much of a theologian. But then—who is? to whom the knowledge can be of any use? Theology is like wisdom: never there when you want it.

It wasn't thoughts of this kind that sustained me, or any of my shipmates. Indeed it wasn't even *thoughts* that sustained us. It was a kind of painful, obstinate clinging to life. Try as we would we couldn't resign ourselves to leaving it. Had we all been drowned we should not have gone to death singing nearer my God to thee. We would have gone in a foul temper and with a very bad grace and a feeling of being cheated out of the last act of a play for which we held tickets all paid up to the final curtain.

About the third or fourth day of the hurricane the wind and the sea went down a little.

It was at this time that we started to run out of fuel.

We were still far from land, and there was still enough weather running to make things very dangerous for us if we could not keep way on the ship. We formed a bucket chain and began to dredge up what little oil was left in the after tanks and transfer it to the forward ones.

That didn't keep us going more than six hours or so. Something else would have to be done. Hardships—you comfortable after-the-fact landlubbers: *hardships?* You don't know what hardships are! Shall I tell you what we did next?

We took axes and chopped up all the tables and benches in the ship! We converted her from an oil-burner to a wood-burner and in that way kept a full head of steam for at least another six hours.

Meanwhile we were busy lashing our hammocks together with codline to make sails. The Old Man was happy at last. He was doing what every true son of Nelson longed to do—putting the process of evolution into reverse. Soon he'd have his first command of a man-o'-war in sail. Give him a few more days of misfortune and he'd have us *rowing* the bloody old hulk.

To this dream of naval greatness a Catalina flying-boat put paid. About an hour before we were due to run out of lumber (there was still the wardroom paneling to tear out and chop, something we had longed to get our hooks on right from the start) this R.A.F. busybody flew over and made a signal to us by Aldus lamp. "Are you H.M.S. *Caldwell*?" We hadn't a signal-lamp left that would work (I never said the navy was efficient) so we sent up snowflakes—a kind of rocket that was code for distress.

The Catalina circled and came back.

"If you are the *Caldwell*," signalled this bloody duck, "send up a white flare."

We sent up another snowflake. The Catalina flew off and informed our base at Halifax that we were making good way under our own steam. She concluded her message by giving what her navigator reckoned to be our position. It was only a hundred or so miles out.

Fortunately we were sighted about half an hour later by another destroyer, which with an ocean-going tug, the *Frisky*, had been searching for us.

Saved! I won't bore you with a recital of how we got the ropes in from that tug with a heavy ground swell running, and thick ice all over the fox'le, for the weather had turned bitterly cold and wintry. It was enough that I and my

shipmates realized that we were probably going to live, for a little while longer at all events.

There was a strange silence in the ship. You could hear the sea brushing her sides, knocking gently now, its malice and fury and passion worked out. Off watch we slept and slept.

Our thoughts began to run on Christmas. There was a hand-cranked phonograph in the messdeck and somebody kept putting on Bing Crosby's "I'm dreaming of a White Christmas."

Very early on Christmas morning of 1942 we made our landfall in bright moonlight off St. John's, Newfoundland.

Cold, hungry, dog-tired, we stared at the iron-bound coast, its cliffs hung with white ice that gleamed out of the dark like a reminder of something long forgotten, and now dearly remembered.

Perhaps that violent and terrible presence which had visited us in the hurricane had another face. It was Christmas and we were going to live.

## Correspondence

The Editor:

I am surprised that in her article on the *Financial Post* Miss Trott did not comment on the drivel that is served up weekly in the Letter from London. It is hard to believe that in serving it up the editor does not insult the intelligence of the businessmen of the nation. If that intelligence is not, in fact, insulted, the *Financial Post* is passing up a magnificent opportunity to play a sorely needed educational role.

Yours very truly,  
J. H. Aitchison,  
Halifax, N.S.

## Turning New Leaves

► OF ALL FORMS of writing, biography is perhaps the most difficult. The biographer must not only be a competent researcher, but also an artist if the personality as well as the achievements of his subject are to make an impact on the reader's mind. Let it be said at the outset that this biography\* of Jawarharlal Nehru by Dr. Brecher of McGill University is an admirable work. There are obvious dangers in writing the life of a contemporary statesman, and the author recognizes them: some of the source materials are not available, the main theme of the plot is incomplete, and one does not have the benefit of hindsight. On the other hand, the contemporary biographer has certain compensating advantages, chiefly the opportunity for first-hand contact both with the subject and with those who know him intimately. Certainly Dr. Brecher has not neglected this opportunity: he lists in his bibliography the names of ninety-six persons whom he interviewed (amongst others) in connection with his work, including Nehru himself, with whom he had lengthy talks in 1956 and 1958.

The value of these personal contacts is evident throughout the book, not the least in the penetrating chapters which provide the prologue and epilogue: "Portrait of the Man" and "Portrait of a Leader." The picture which emerges is fascinating, and in some ways unexpected. Nehru was not a revolutionary who fought his way to the top and obtained the hero-worship of the masses because he was himself a man of the people. Good fortune favoured him at the outset of his political career. He was the son of Pandit Motilal Nehru, a wealthy Allahabad lawyer who was already one of the leading figures of Indian nationalism when Jawarharlal

\*NEHRU: A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY: Michael Brecher; Oxford University Press; pp. xi, 682; \$8.95.

came of political age. More important, he won the favour of Mahatma Gandhi, whose relationship with Nehru is one of the most interesting themes of this book. This relationship was strengthened by Motilal's death in 1931, and was the dominating feature of Nehru's personal and political life. It was not an unquestioning relationship. Dr. Brecher gives numerous examples of profound differences between the two men, notably the divergence between them as to the means whereby the ultimate end of independence should be attained. There was a wide gap between them in social and economic philosophy; Nehru was a rationalist who thought in terms of a long-run plan of action, whereas Gandhi arrived at decisions intuitively and refused to be pressed beyond the immediate aim. Gandhi, on principle, abhorred secrecy in political tactics, while Nehru was pragmatic, arguing that it was permissible in special circumstances (p. 193).

Yet the differences between Gandhi and Nehru were of relative unimportance compared with the things they had in common. Their relationship was that of teacher and disciple, as well as father and son, and this bond survived all shocks, even the breach between them over partition of India, which Nehru reluctantly came to accept though Gandhi resolutely opposed it. Indeed, so close did the ties become after independence, that Dr. Brecher describes the relationship as analogous to that of medieval monarch and saint, though he emphasizes that Gandhi at this time was guide and elder statesman, not super-Prime Minister.

The major difference between Gandhi and Nehru was ideological. Gandhi had a simple but compelling ideology: non-violence. Dr. Brecher doubts whether Nehru has ever worked out a coherent ideology. Nehru describes himself as temperamentally an individualist and intellectually a socialist, and this may be at least partly attributed to his English education, at Harrow and Cambridge. Gandhi felt that Nehru was more English than Indian in thought; Dr. Brecher's conclusion is that Nehru is a humanist and pragmatist, not inclined to think too much of fundamental intellectual problems, but rather of the immediate, urgent, and concrete problems of life. "This is, indeed, to merge thought and action in the achievement of social goals" (p. 601). In sum, Nehru's ideology is not systematic, but a mixture of Western liberalism, socialism, Gandhism, and nationalism. It was this mélange which enabled Nehru to make such a signal contribution to the development of Indian nationalism. To Nehru, political freedom was too narrow a goal. His early contact with the peasants during agrarian disturbances in 1920, and a lengthy sojourn in the

West in 1926 and 1927 during which he participated in the Brussels Anti-Imperialist Congress, convinced him that a socialist society should be the true objective of Indian nationalism. His insistence on the prime importance of international over national goals prevented the Indian nationalist movement from being completely parochial in scope. Indeed, Dr. Brecher feels that this was his most distinctive service to Indian nationalism. For example, it was Nehru's belief that independence would be merely a prelude to social transformation that resulted in the adoption of the Resolution on Fundamental Rights by the Congress in 1931, despite the attitude of the conservatives in the party, notably Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel.

In the field of Congress party politics Nehru's contribution was equally notable. Dr. Brecher shows clearly that the Congress was by no means a united team—except on the ultimate issue of independence. It was a conglomeration of traditionalists and modernists, conservatives and socialists, held together partly by the gigantic figure of Gandhi, whose ultimate authority was virtually unquestioned, and partly by the mediating influence of Nehru, Gandhi's protégé. It was Nehru who kept the radical youth in the Congress from 1929 on (they might otherwise have turned to Communism), who prevented a rupture between the Congress socialists and conservatives, who rallied the trade unions and the peasant leagues to support the Congress. And it was Nehru who, in 1936, played a leading role in rebuilding the mass membership of the party, following a period of stagnation and frustration. Since independence, and particularly since the death of Patel in 1950, Nehru has achieved complete supremacy in the Congress party. But Dr. Brecher believes that since 1950 the Congress has been going steadily downhill, beset with factionalism, corruption, and a passive outlook—evils which Nehru himself has denounced. Figures are quoted to show that party membership has declined from 8,500,000 in 1954 to half this in 1958, while the number of active workers has decreased from 71,000 to 54,000. Symptomatic of this decline is the pathetic response to the annual sessions. All this is attributed to over-dependence on Nehru, the last great link with the memory of Gandhi and the freedom struggle, to a lack of clear-cut Congress ideology, and to Nehru's own failings as a leader.

Dr. Brecher makes some unsparing criticisms of Nehru's role in contemporary Indian politics. He acknowledges that it is largely to Nehru's credit that India currently enjoys political stability and democracy as a secular state, and is making economic and social progress under the Five Year Plans. But he also accuses Nehru of being an inept administrator who is unable to delegate authority. He calls the habit of depending on Nehru "a disease of Indian administration," and feels that despite economic planning, Nehru has not always practised what he has preached, notably on land reform (p. 623). This gap between performance and promise is attributed to Nehru's reluctance, as a liberal, to resort to radical deeds, and to his memories of the violence and disorders of 1947. Nevertheless, Dr. Brecher rightly warns that these weaknesses must be seen in perspective: they are the weaknesses of a giant. Dr. Brecher ends his study with a brief consideration of the problem of the succession to Nehru. Here the view is advanced that the important thing is *what* follows Nehru, not *who*. The fundamental source of unity in India is not Nehru, but the fabric of Indian society and the stability of the peasantry (p. 627). Nevertheless, because of the deterioration of the Congress party (which is compared with the disintegration of the Kuomintang in China prior to 1949), Dr. Brecher concludes that Nehru's leadership is indispensable for some years to come.

PETER HARNETTY

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## Books Reviewed

THE FOSSILS OF PIETY: Paul West; Vantage Press; pp. 85; \$2.75.

Mr. West's "essay", which has as its subtitle "Literary Humanism in Decline", is the work of a mind that has ranged widely in its study of the attempts made by contemporary Western "humanists" (of varying persuasions) to substitute new aesthetic views (or varying perspectives) for those sanctioned by Christian orthodoxy. The twentieth-century humanist devises a surrogate that aims to deny traditional Christian values in art while, at the same time, it wants the "divine consolations" which received religion affords. Unwilling to make the necessary surrender demanded by received religion for such "consolations", it contains within itself the germ of its own destruction and is ultimately doomed to impotence or mere subjective isolation. The instrument which Mr. West uses in the process of his analysis is sharp but not incisive. Despite a formidable intellectual courage and a fluent (if sometimes academic) prose style, the attempt to confine within such narrow compass discussion of Malraux's escapist aestheticism, Sartre's and Camus' "impotent quasi-political theorizings," "the aestheticism of extremes" in Hemingway and Ernst Jünger, and the "personalism," or obsession with personal identity, of Santayana, Simone Weil and Lionel Trilling, proves in the long run unsatisfactory. And when such formidable adversaries as Pater and Arnold, Babbitt, T. S. Eliot and Wyndham Lewis, Cesare Pavese, Heidegger, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Gide, Tocqueville and Spengler, and a host of others, are used for purposes of reference and cross-reference, comparison and contrast, the merits of the respectable essay are more than a little obscured, and its meretricious characteristics cruelly exposed.

The great danger in Mr. West's method of crowding such treasure within a little room is the inevitable generalization. Ungenerous though it may seem to cite examples out of context, Mr. West is nonetheless guilty of innumerable sins of omission in the manipulation of his highly generalized argument.

Malraux favors an art which caters to a disconsolate élite . . . [He] has invented his own vague notion of what is an élite . . . It is not an impoverished élite. Rather, it is a group of art-fancying agnostics, all of whom are willing to sell their discrimination for a consoling dream.

But this is not enough, and in the following paragraph it is concluded that the author of *Les Voix du Silence*, "apart from understanding his emotions is not very certain about anything at all." Of the "unashamedly stylish" Camus, Mr. West argues that "like Arthur Koestler, he holds an impoverished view of human nature"; of Sartre, who has "no style at all," the author complains that he "makes no provision for the incurably vicious society that we cannot quite bring ourselves to destroy," a sin of which not Sartre alone may be held guilty. Against these and similarly dreary observations are the "divine consolations." "But let us consider the suicide of Pavese, and then the mental suicide committed by Jünger and Hemingway!"

As compensation for the obvious limitations of Mr. West's analytical method—limitations which might well dissolve with an expansion of the argument, and, one dares to suggest, with some modification of the intellectually patronising and occasionally arrogant tone—are liveliness and perceptiveness which testify to a stimulating and well-stocked mind.

GEORGE FALLE.

**THE MERRY MUSE:** Eric Linklater; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 317; \$3.50.

This rambling dissertation on life in modern Edinburgh is built around an amusing thesis: that an unknown manuscript written by Robert Burns turns up in a copy of *The Merry Muses* which had belonged to a respectable schoolmaster, now deceased. *The Merry Muses*, a collection of bawdy songs which Burns had gathered, has circulated in several private editions and would bring only a few pounds, but the new autograph verses may be worth ten thousand pounds. The widow's brother, Max Arbuthnot, a rich and pleasure-loving lawyer, agrees to handle the sale of the manuscript, and this introduces a comedy of errors during which it passes through the hands of his daughter, Jane, a somewhat discontented young housewife, her lover, a life-weary young poet, Hecto MacCrae, and Max's current mistress, Paula.

The misadventures of the manuscript give Mr. Linklater ample scope to display his humorous insights into human nature, and the assorted cast of characters permit him to poke fun at the modern school of literary criticism, the fads of high society, and the ups and downs of the artistic market.

Max Arbuthnot is a likeable old rogue, and the story comes to life when he is on stage, but some of the convolutions of the plot tend to become lost in side-channels where long-winded diversions seem to be ends in themselves. However, there are many amusing episodes, and the final denouement at the funeral of Hecto MacCrae would doubtless have delighted Burns.

EDITH FOWKE.



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The songs, chants, incantations and stories in this collection give an impressive picture of the indomitable yet sensitive Eskimo. The drawings, by Enoosweetok of Baffin Island, were collected by Robert Flaherty while filming *Nanook of the North*.

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THE UNDEFEATED: George Paloczi-Horvath; British Book Service; pp. 288; \$5.75.

POLITICAL PRISONER: Paul Ignotus; British Book Service; pp. 201; \$3.75.

The history of Eastern Europe since 1939 has been cruel and, in the literal meaning of the word, nauseous. It has been the tragedy of small nations crushed in turn by two expanding tyrannies, of ideals betrayed, illusions shattered, innocence destroyed. The darkness that descended in 1939 has barely lifted since, and most inhabitants of the Soviet satellites have had no choice but to remain in their countries, victims of or participants in systematic intimidation and violence.

These two books by Hungarian writers who are at home in the English language are personal reports of the era. The core of each book is the description of an Orwellian nightmare: survival in the prisons of the Hungarian security police. Both are valuable as commentaries on the psychology of Communist terrorism, and as evidence of human capacity to survive absolute humiliation. The authors do not intend to preach, only to report; but their very restraint underlines a moral they share. They are the advocates of common decency, who have been given the right to plead by their experience of a world in which no man could be decent.

Beyond the descriptions of life in Hungarian prisons during Rakosi's terror from 1949 to 1953, there is a question: "How did I come to be here?" It was a question that every political prisoner in Hungary was bound to ask himself while he tried to fill the endless empty minutes of solitary confinement. The answers are as complicated as the swirl of history. For Paloczi-Horvath, facing the answer meant a spiritual conversion that liberated him from "the obsession" of faith in Communism. His road to the cellars of 60 Andrassy Avenue in Budapest began in his youth, when he rejected the feudal life and outlook of his father's family; led through his career as a liberal journalist and anti-fascist in the 1930's; and reached its climax as he watched the destruction of Europe by Hitler. Utopian hopes were required to balance the pessimism of the moment. "My interest in Marxism was revived . . . In a thoroughly ill world, only daring surgical operations can help. The new grand alliance made me hopeful." He followed the familiar slippery road into the Communist party, living by hope and mesmerizing himself into a state of blindness toward the increasing brutality of Communist politicians. Two years of torture, false confessions, and solitude imposed by his idols were necessary to make him realize the inhumanity in which he had been an accomplice. After a lifetime in the European left, his judgment of the system created by Stalinist Russia was that "the whole thing stinks as it is."

Paul Ignotus, who was never a Communist, was imprisoned at the same time in 1949 as George Paloczi-Horvath, a fellow-victim (equally innocent) of the Rajk purge. His weakness was described by his friend Arthur Koestler as "the gullibility of a naive liberal." But Ignotus has another explanation for falling into the hands of the political police. He worked for the postwar Hungarian government, and returned to Budapest before his arrest, in spite of his forebodings.

Budapest life struck me as a tragic operetta, or a sad ballet . . . We know today that it was a dance on a volcano. As a matter of fact, we knew it then; but what could have been done about it? To watch it angrily would not have helped. The thing for me to do in 1946 without doubt was go home and see everything with my own eyes, and point out the encouraging features among many depressing and alarming ones. Whether one can do this is a matter of temperament. I feel I could again in

similar circumstances . . . I believe it was chiefly a wish to make the best of things.

The difficult truth is that both men, and most Hungarians, did not choose to be where they found themselves after 1949. Their individual beliefs and choices were largely irrelevant to their fate. The regime of terror followed from the decisions of a few allied leaders in wartime, the occupation of the country by the Red Army, the decision of Stalin to suppress the satellites and challenge Tito, and the total cynicism of a few Hungarians led by Rakosi, who did the devil's work. Paloczi-Horvath and Ignotus suffered more than some of their countrymen because of accidents in their background, and because they happened to have ideals and felt the need to express them. But the terror was a blunt instrument, which scarcely discriminated among its victims. As Paloczi-Horvath notes, in some ways life in prison during the "monster period" was preferable to life outside in "the greater prison."

*The Undefeated* is the fuller of the two as a study of the contorted mentality of Stalinism. *Political Prisoner* reveals the strength of a man through its ironic humour and honesty. The books are humbling reminders that the same life goes on today in Hungary.

DENIS SMITH.

WILLIAM "TIGER" DUNLOP: Carl F. Klinck (ed.); Ryerson; pp. 182; \$5.00.

William Dunlop has long held a secure, if minor, place in the history of Canadian colonization. His role in the opening of the Canada Company's "Huron Tract" is well known; as "Warden of the Forests," and as Galt's right-hand man, Dunlop was largely responsible for the settling of the large section of Western Ontario from Stratford to Goderich. Unlike most of his counterparts (Talbot for example), Dunlop consistently endeared himself to the colonists who followed him into the woods. His warm personality and striking physical appearance (he stood six foot three) and his almost Gargantuan capacities for hard work, hard liquor and good-natured wit, have made him into a sort of legendary hero of the early days in Western Ontario.

He is recognized, too, as something of a literary figure. His two little books, *Statistical Sketches of Upper Canada* and *Recollections of the American War*, usually receive a paragraph or two in the histories of Canadian literature—but not always, for Dunlop's twenty-four years in Canada have not quite qualified him as "Canadian" in the strictest sense, and only the brief *Recollections*, originally published in the Montreal *Literary Garland*, was written for the colonial audience. Only occasionally, perhaps in a brief footnote, is there any suggestion of the fascinating part of Dunlop's life between his departure from Canada in 1815 and his return with Galt in 1826. It is in filling in this gap of eleven years that Professor Klinck's collection of essays "by and about" Dunlop does its chief service.

The story of Dunlop's brief but colorful career as a colonizer in India is fascinating; his part in the project of clearing Saugor Island of tigers, though unsuccessful, provided him with anecdotes and subject matter for his later journalism, and, of course, with his famous nickname, "Tiger." But this collection justly emphasizes Dunlop as journalist: first in India, then as a frequent contributor to and member of the inner circle of *Blackwood's*, and finally as the editor of *The British Press* and *The Telescope* in London. The selections from Dunlop's writings during these years, presented with careful editorial comment and augmented by the observations of his contemporaries, give some idea of the extent of his literary activities; and they make it abundantly clear that Dunlop was for some time one of the leading figures in those gay days of romantic British journal-

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By Eric E. Wolf

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In this fascinating history of the people of Mexico and Guatemala, the author reaches into the distant past to survey race, language, religion, art, economics, and social relationships from 2,000 B.C. to the present. Profusely illustrated with photographs, maps, and charts.

Burns and MacEachern Ltd.

### A CONCISE HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING

By Herbert Read

**\$7.50**

This is a coherent, perceptive and enlightening presentation of the whole tenor of modern painting for the general reader by the author of *THE MEANING OF ART*. It is a masterpiece of book-making in its design and layout, with 484 illustrations, 100 of them in full colour.

ism. When *Blackwood's* was at its height, Dunlop shared the limelight with such notables as John Wilson ("Christopher North"), John Gibson Lockhart, James Hogg, and William Maginn. The Tiger was something of a lion before he saw the Huron Tract.

The remarkable thing is that this is the same man who was to become the giant Scot in Ontario homespun; the backwoodsman was indeed a Blackwoodian. Professor Klinck's little Dunlop "sampler" brings together most of the raw materials which further study of Dunlop's literary achievements and influence will require. The rather impressive array here assembled suggests that the state of learning and letters in early Ontario was not quite as desolate as Mrs. Moodie had pictured it.

S. ROSS BEHARRELL

### CHRISTMAS IN CANADA: Mary Barber and Flora McPherson

This little book is a collection of various items about Christmas in Canada from the early days to the present. As one who has little patience with the present-day Christmas trappings, I was surprised to find myself reading it with considerable interest. On the whole the editors have chosen skilfully, and their selections recall much of the colorful history of our land through the eyes of people who have recorded their Christmases since the days of Jacques Cartier.

You can read here how the Jesuits celebrated Christmas in their frontier missions among the Indians, how the voyageurs and traders celebrated in the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, how Samuel Hearne and his men starved when travelling to the northern ocean in 1770, how the prisoners of Louis Riel spent the Christmas of 1870 in Fort Garry, and how Santa Claus came to the Wilfred Grenfell mission in Labrador. There are stories of pioneer Christmases when the temperature fell to sixty below, a Klondike version of the three wise men who found a baby in an Arctic cabin, and an evening with Dickens in Manitou Town Hall. As sidelights on Christmas presents we hear of a bachelor who has trouble getting rid of a turkey, of the first Santa Claus Parade in Toronto, and of the problems created by Canada's adoption of a German custom.

Only a few of the forty items fall below the general level: in the account of Brébeuf's carol, the authors make the mistake of reprinting a piece prepared by an advertising agency which quotes the English words written nearly three centuries after Brébeuf's death as though they were the lines he had written. The story of the Huron Carol is interesting, but here it is buried in a mishmash of words which tell us little. But despite such flaws, the book makes pleasant reading. With a subject which could easily have become sticky with sentimentality the editors have managed to produce a book rich in local color and lightened with humor. It should make an acceptable Christmas gift for almost anybody.

EDITH FOWKE.

Books under these  
publishers' listings  
are available at your  
local booksellers.



**DAY'S OF LIVING:** The Journal of Martin Roher; Ryerson Press; pp. 145; \$4.00.

This is a book of excerpts from the journal of a young Canadian. It is a slim book, for the entries are short; from single lines of four or five words to pieces of not more than three or four pages. Themes range from prostitution, prejudice and sensuousness of a tomato, through the entire range of human feeling from loneliness, pain, fear and determination, to love.

This book of patches has integrity, unity. The words, ideas and the very writing of the journal were part of the struggle of Martin Roher to live, and to be a writer. He was discharged from the R.C.A.F. at the age of 20 with nephritis and the prospect of not more than six weeks of life. He lived for ten years, sustained chiefly by the will to live, and to write. When he died in 1954, Roher did not know it, but he had given ample evidence of successful pursuit. In his own words: "Fulfillment is pursuit, not attainment."

There were not many days or hours in those ten years when Roher was free from pain. There were only brief stretches when he had the energy to write. In his diary he wrote the line: "Days of living are better than years of life." Perhaps it was a philosophy of necessity, but he lived it. The brief periods when he was on parole from his mortal pain he packed the time with friendships, lively discussion, laughter and the age-old struggle of the writer with words and thoughts.

In his circumscribed invalid world, he saw all there was to see: beauty, suffering, truth. It was apparent to Judith Robinson, who wrote the introduction to "Days of Living" and to his editor, Dr. Lorne Pierce, that Martin Roher was one of the elect. He had that gift to see and to describe, which is given to few mortals. It could be the travels of a cockroach across his hospital bed, the reminiscences of a boyhood canoe trip up the Brandywine, or a bird seen from his window: "A crow is in the pear tree, making harsh assertions about the quality of this year's crop."

Roher also acquired the gift of understanding, even more rare.

"People look askance at my disease, despairing all the while at my contract with death. I wonder why so many are fascinated by the finality of morbid sickness. For is it not that all people have, in life itself, a disease from which they will not recover."

"Judaism is not a religion, it is a breed and, being so, cannot be sloughed off as one would toss away a tattered robe. It is in the blood."

There is much of the spirit in this book, and it is a strong-hearted spirit firmly rooted in belief in God:

"Shall I weep in the vineyard for the grape that is lost? Or shall I reap whatever remains on the vine?"

"There is, of course, only one answer to this question. Weep if you must, but weep while you gather the fruit."

So, while we weep the loss of this shining spirit, we can rejoice in the rich treasures he left with us.

ALBERT A. SHEA.

**FLAME OF POWER:** Intimate Profiles of Canada's Greatest Businessmen: Peter C. Newman; Longmans, Green; pp. 264; \$4.95.

"We Canadians are a dull, unenterprising people. We take time out from business for a cup of tea and a crumpet, or to make love, or to have a snooze, or to do any other damn thing that appeals to us at the time." Whatever the truth of this statement by the late Lionel Forsyth, formerly president of the Dominion Steel & Coal Corporation, he and the other Canadians in this book are neither dull nor unenterprising. Mr. Newman brings to life eleven of them, including the



## Books for Christmas

**The Ryerson Press**

### CHALLENGE AND RESPONSE

**Modern Ideas and Religion**

**By R. C. Chalmers and John A. Irving \$3.50**

Leading Canadian Scholars discuss religion and archaeology, modern poetry, modern fiction, education, existentialism, eschatology, and ideological differences in the world. Contributors are: Ronald J. Williams, Northrop Frye, Millar MacLure, Watson Kirkconnell, James S. Thomson and the editors. A book of the first importance.

### THE EAVESDROPPERS

**By Samuel Dash, R. K. Knowlton and Richard Schwartz**

**\$6.00**

Many people will be shocked at the revelations in this book of wire tapping, hidden microphones, closed circuit television used by the police and others. Here in a very readable manner are described the methods used, who uses them, and the legality of what many people believe to be an invasion of the rights of the individual.

### KARIBA

**The Struggle of the River God**

**By Frank Clements**

**\$3.25**

The story of the building of the Kariba Dam on the Zambezi River, in Southern Rhodesia. Also of a battle between a primitive god and contemporary man. There were brilliant successes in the face of unforeseeable difficulties, until many of the hard-headed engineers felt that they were fighting a strange battle, in addition to performing a routine job of work.

### LIFE OF JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

**By F. H. Lea**

**\$6.00**

The first biography of a man who was one of the most controversial figures in recent English literary life. He was the foremost literary critic of his day, author of some forty books, the friend of D. H. Lawrence and the husband of Katherine Mansfield.

### MEDICINE TODAY

**By Marguerite Clark**

**\$6.00**

A report on a decade of progress in the field of medicine, written for the information of laymen. The author is Medicine Editor of NEWSWEEK and is regarded as the leading medical journalist writing in the United States today. She covers new techniques and drugs, spot-lighting a world which few laymen ever see.

### THE OCEAN OF AIR

**By David I. Blumenstock**

**\$6.75**

This fascinating book describes the air from its most tenuous reaches, on the edge of outer space, to the inmost few inches where earth's microclimate governs the germination of seeds. Tells of attempts to predict the weather, efforts to control it. How air affects man's commerce, wars, weapons, history.

### VIET-NAM

**Edited by Richard W. Lindholm**

**\$6.50**

A survey of what has been accomplished in South Viet-Nam during the last five years. A symposium with contributors from six nations, all of whom are involved. American aid and the Colombo Plan, with Canada as a leading contributor, played their parts, but the free Viet-Namites have much to be proud of.

**Smithers & Bonellie Limited**

### THREE AGAINST THE WILDERNESS

**Eric Collier**

**Illustrated with photographs, line drawing and map**

**\$5.50**

A unique and absolutely fascinating autobiography. It is the story of Eric Collier, a young Englishman who came to Canada in 1919, married a quarter-breed Indian girl, and then with wife and small child took off into the primitive wilderness of British Columbia where he had been granted sole trapping rights to 150,000 acres.





## Books for Christmas

Clarke, Irwin & Company Limited

### THE FACE OF CANADA

By C. L. Bennet, Marjorie Wilkins Campbell, Gregory Clark, Gérard Filion, Roderick Haig-Brown

**\$4.95**

"Thank goodness we are getting away from the superficiality of pretty scenery and starting to ask ourselves who we are and why, where we are going or should be going. I hope this book will breed others, equally thoughtful and stimulating."—William Arthur Deacon, *The Globe and Mail*. 32 half-tone illustrations.

### CANADA

By Edgar McInnis

**\$9.75**

"Written by an authority in his field, this book will amply reward the reader for his effort, providing him not only with historical information but also with an insight into the forces which influence our way of life."—*The Board of Trade Journal*.

### THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

By Garrett Mattingly

**\$5.50**

"This will be the classic account of that famous year, *annus mirabilis* 1588. It is, quite simply, a historical masterpiece. There is no other historian in the English-speaking world who could give us a birdseye view of the scene from so many aspects."—A. L. Rowse, *The New York Times Book Review*.

### THE LIFE OF SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING

By André Maurois

**\$5.50**

"Of few persons can it be said, to the extent that it can be said of Sir Alexander Fleming, that his work was his life. The world knows the value of his work; André Maurois has shown what it meant to him"—Jean Swanson, *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix*.

### MARCEL PROUST: A BIOGRAPHY

By George D. Painter

**\$6.75**

"A superb book, re-creating Proust's life up to 1903 with a richness of texture comparable to that of Proust's own great book . . . one of the most substantial and captivating biographies of the decade."—*The New Yorker*.

### THE GODSTONE AND THE BLACKYMORE

By T. H. White

**\$4.00**

"Anyone who has read T. H. White with enjoyment in such tales as *The Sword and the Stone* and *The Master* will want to read this book and he won't be disappointed . . . It's written by a great storyteller . . ."—Leo MacGillivray, *The Gazette*.

### THE CHANGING SKY

By Norman Lewis

**\$4.75**

"Ghana, Belize, Guatemala, Liberia, Cuba, Laos, Goa—how neatly he cuts the exotic down to life-size, how deftly he adapts the romantic . . ."—*The Times Literary Supplement*.

### FREE ASSOCIATIONS

By Ernest Jones

**\$5.50**

"This autobiography is a unique document of London at the turn of the century, of the early history of psychoanalysis and an unusually frank self-revelation of a complex personality . . ."—*The New York Times Book Review*.

### BACK TO BOKHARA

By Fitzroy Maclean

**\$4.00**

"His recent return to the Soviet Union and to the legendary cities of Russian Turkestan is described by the author of *Eastern Approaches*. Nobody in the West has a clearer understanding of these peoples."

### CIDER WITH ROSIE

By Laurie Lee

**\$4.00**

"The story of his childhood rings as true and as lingeringly as the bells of the village which he describes so vividly. There is an immediacy about his prose which transports the reader at once to the spot."—Richard Church, *The Evening Standard*.

dimly remembered Sir William Van Horne and Lord Strathcona. Then there is Sir Herbert Holt, the only Canadian ever to match the influence of the famous American millionaires. By 1928 his entrepreneurial web enmeshed assets of three billion dollars, ten times the amount of paper money and coin then in circulation. When his death was announced during a Montreal baseball game, the crowd hushed, whispered and then cheered.

These men who have shaped Canada are not devotees of Dale Carnegie or protagonists of togetherness. As Donald Gordon says, "No one ever did anything by pussyfooting." Each is as individualistic and as colourful as a modern painting. What their actions mean, what their words imply, what motivates them is hard to say. E. P. Taylor, whose career makes interesting reading in the light of the current brewery investigation, says he doesn't work for money. But when the late Sir Harry Oakes found he was paying 80 per cent. of the gold he'd found in taxes, he declared, "Man don't work for that."

One psychological study suggests that the only characteristic senior U.S. executives have in common is a large vocabulary. Once again, Canadians differ from Americans, for no such standard applies to this group. One is hard put to identify any common characteristic, not even a compulsive drive for power, money or prestige. Whatever has impelled them to success, they have done much to make Canada what it is. One wonders whether any of them could pass the psychological tests now in vogue for executives.

NEIL A. MACDOUGALL.

The Fall issue of **THE FIDDLEHEAD** will reach you or your friends during the Holiday Season if a subscription is placed before Christmas.

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